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SKETCH OF
GEORGIANA
DUCHESS OF
DEVONSHIRE

*By Sir Joshua Reynolds,
P.R.A.*

*Lent by the Duke of
Devonshire, K.G.*



THE EXHIBITION OF RETROSPECTIVE BRITISH ART AT BRUSSELS

By SIR CHARLES J. HOLMES

THE estimate which the world passes upon British art at the present time is not unanimous; nor perhaps as favourable as some of us think that it might be. On the one hand, the valuations of the picture-market accord to the greater British painters a respect equal to that given to the great masters of Italy and the Netherlands. On the other hand, the high priests of æsthetic criticism, whom we suffer patiently if not quite gladly, are less favourable. They find us incurably sentimental and romantic in outlook, and as craftsmen amateurish or slipshod. We think far too much of our own emotions,

and far too little of those canons of pure design and structure of which during the last two decades all Europe has heard so much. The forthcoming exhibition at Brussels may thus be of real service in providing a test case for decision between these opposing views, as well as giving those who have not yet had a chance of spending some time in England an opportunity of such a survey of British art as they are not likely to have again. Not one of us in England who visited the exhibitions of Flemish and Dutch art held at Burlington House during the past two winters has not been helped by that experience to an infinitely

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sounder and more comprehensive view of their several merits. Is it too much to hope that the exhibition at Brussels will have a similar effect upon the Continent?

So far as size is concerned it will be relatively small. But, in compensation, it may be added that the committee has been scrupulous as to choosing only a limited number of representative specimens of each master. Here and there, for causes beyond the committee's control, there may be *lacunæ*, but on the whole it may be fairly said that such a collection has never been seen outside our own shores. This is particularly true of the pre-Raphaelite movement. For the first time, thanks to the generosity of the Corporations of Birmingham and Manchester, with various other public and private owners, the pre-Raphaelites and their following will be properly displayed on the Continent. Historically as well as æsthetically this is desirable, for theirs is the last of the three conspicuous and original manifestations which compose the real record of British art during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The first of these, of course, is the rapid development of a great epoch of portraiture and landscape, from the stodgy and mechanical practice which prevailed at the opening of the



DAUGHTERS OF THE ARTIST

By T. Gainsborough, R.A.

Lent by S. H. Whitbread, Esq., C.B.

eighteenth century. Hogarth was the pioneer. His inquisitive naturalism illumined such various phases of contemporary life, and with so much pugnacious publicity that art could never again be regarded as limited in scope by traditional formulæ. With this enlarged horizon the youthful Reynolds started upon his Italian pilgrimage. Necessity turned his scholarly ambitions to the craft of portraiture, but into that craft he put so much of the grander vision which he acquired abroad that he transformed portraiture into a new art, vitalized always by his sense of human beauty and character. How slow his progress was we can only judge by seeing his work in chronological

sequence. Some idea of the difference between the solidity of his middle period and the superb mastery of his later years can be formed by comparing the double portraits of "Georgiana Countess Spencer and her Little Daughter" with the brilliant head of the same daughter as "Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire." This last in its aristocratic distinction makes an excellent foil to the homely freshness of Hogarth's "Conquest of Mexico," in which the painter's humour is more playful and gracious than in the compositions with an avowed moral purpose by which he is more generally known.

The Exhibition of Retrospective British Art at Brussels



LADY CHARLOTTE GREVILLE

Lent by the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

[Photo : Hanfstaengl
By Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A.]

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LADY FOX STRANGWAYS

By Allan Ramsay

Lent by the Earl of Ilchester

The growth of Gainsborough's rare and distinguished genius may be traced in the same way by comparing the early "Robert Andrews and his Wife" with "Margaret and Mary Gainsborough" and "The Harvest Waggon." In these latter pictures we see with what light and air and colour the study of Rubens and Van Dyck had enabled him to interpret Nature. The skill and charm of Romney, the power of Raeburn, and the singular insight into English family life acquired by Zoffany will also be admirably displayed. Romney's "Lord Somers," Raeburn's more familiar "Sir John Sinclair," Zoffany's most original picture of

"The Sharp Family" make a trio which could not easily be bettered. Morland, Stubbs, and Ben Marshall represent the national taste in sport. Richard Wilson, in landscape, stands somewhat apart in his devotion to problems of light and tone, with far less concern for natural detail than was popular in his day or customary among Englishmen.

On the next generation, however, his influence was immense. Crome's spacious and airy painting was founded upon Wilson's practice; Turner learned much from him, and Constable enough at least to justify one of his early paintings passing even now for a Wilson. The specimens of Crome, though less imposing than those at Trafalgar Square, will represent his various phases well. Turner and Constable are so frequently traduced by imitation that the little groups of representative examples will be useful as standards for judgment. The examples of Constable are specially important, thanks to the generosity of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Royal Academy, for he is now become one of the rarest of great masters. It will be interesting to see what impression



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

By John Constable, R.A.

Lent by T. W. Bacon, Esq.





The Exhibition of Retrospective British Art at Brussels



[Photo : Annan

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR OF ULBSTER

By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

Lent by Major Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt., C.M.G.

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is left by Cotman's "Waterfall"—a perfect embodiment of the tradition of Poussin, as to which Poussin's admirers have hitherto been strangely silent. Had it been by a Frenchman how different would its repute have become! Indeed, this second phase of British art has done for landscape what Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough did for portraiture, in so widening the painter's horizon that any subsequent development of landscape must be regarded as a result of this pioneering.

Part, and no small part, of this pioneer work was achieved by the watercolour painters. Mr. Martin Hardie and Mr. H. M. Hake have devoted themselves to forming a small series of representative drawings illustrating the growth of this particularly British craft. And as this series continues up to the middle of the nineteenth century it forms a connecting link in point of time with the third, the pre-Raphaelite phase, of English art. With these landscape painters, portraiture in the hands of Lawrence attained to a brilliancy which, though often rather superficial, can sometimes be no less powerful than it is distinguished. "Mrs. Maguire" and "Lady Charlotte Greville" will serve as illustrations. Beechey, too, like Hoppner, could sometimes reflect enough of the grand manner as to attain distinction; but portraiture and figure-painting declined into polite futility after the year 1830, and landscape soon followed them.



VISCOUNT ALTHORP

Lent by the Earl Spencer

*[Photo: Hanfstaengl
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.]*

This polite futility, in its turn, led to a reaction in the form of the pre-Raphaelite movement, which drew into its orbit several of the most gifted young men of the time. The enthusiasm of Holman Hunt, the brilliant talent of the youthful Millais, the riper experience of Ford Madox Brown, coupled with the mystic and poetic influence of Rossetti, made a formidable combination. Turning to literature and romance for their subject matter and to a minute study of Nature for their technical inspiration, they succeeded for a few

years in producing works which, however opposed they may be to the current canons of picture making, are undeniably quite exceptional performances.

It is fortunate, I think, that these pictures should make their first appearance in Brussels, for it is with the early art of the Netherlands rather than with Italy that they are connected. Millais' "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel" is worthy of Bouts and Memling; his "Autumn Leaves" is a modernized and (if you will) sentimentalized Van der Goes. For Holman Hunt's robust masterpieces there is no such close parallel; but in "Work," by Ford Madox Brown, we have something more vivid than anything which Menzel, the ablest of the Continental realists, ever painted. It is absurd to overlook such brilliancy and such force, even though the subject matter and method happen to be out of fashion.





The Exhibition of Retrospective British Art at Brussels

A few words must suffice for the remarkable figures who stand outside this triple classification—William Blake, for instance, that marvellous product of the age of Lawrence; Alfred Stevens, the one Englishman in whom the spirit of the ripe Italian Renaissance was reborn; and Watts, by whom much of that spirit was acquired. It is impossible to forecast the relative estimates which Continental opinion



WORK

By Ford Madox Brown.

Lent by the Corporation of Manchester

will form of them, especially since Stevens can be represented only by a fine group of drawings from the collection of Mr. Alfred Drury, R.A. Charles Keene, however, is sure of a favourable reception and, with Rowlandson, will help to prove that the Briton is not always so prone to sentiment and so lacking in humour as his critics are apt to assume.



THE HIRELING SHEPHERD

By W. Holman Hunt, O.M.

Lent by the Corporation of Manchester



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING

Engraved by D. Wolstenholme, junr.

Painted by Dean Wolstenholme

OLD SHOOTING PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(The illustrations in this article are reproduced by courtesy of the Ackermann Galleries)

THE old shooting prints have a singular attractiveness peculiar to themselves; they were done before the days of the battue, before gangs of beaters were organized to drive the birds down wind over the guns, or walk them up and flush them to invite the fire of the sportsmen. The change in the manner of the shoot has not been recorded in the coloured aquatint, perhaps; but the older fashion of the eighteenth century (when the sport first came to be recognized) and the early years of the nineteenth—when two companions would take out their guns and a couple of dogs, attended, perhaps, by a servant to collect the bag, and shoot over the moors or through leafy coverts—has been the motive of innumerable prints that have decorated the

parlours of many a country inn or cottage, and have been the constant delight of the casual traveller or the homely yokel, but are now very highly prized by the collectors of such things, as testified by their substantial appraisals in the market-place. And how jolly these prints are! I say these prints rather than these pictures, because the translation of the original paintings into engravings and aquatints allowed so many a humble sportsman to enjoy his share of the open-air subjects while taking his ease at the inn, whereas perhaps the squire and his cronies might only casually glance at the paintings on the walls. Then there is a special attractiveness about the simple inscriptions; they tell you what the subject is in good round lettering, no matter how often the title may

Old Shooting Prints



PLATE III

Painted by Dean Wolstenholme

Engraved by R. G. Reeve

have been used. As we look at a set of these prints, and fancy them hanging in their natural places round the inn walls, over a hundred years ago, we can imagine the lilt of the eighteenth-century shooting song :

The season's in for partridges,
Let's take our guns and dogs;
It shan't be said that we're afraid
Of quagmires or of bogs,
When a-shooting we do go, do go, do go.
When a-shooting we do go.

Now Flora she doth beat the scent,
And after follows Phillis;
Through hedge and brake the way let's take,
For all our aim to kill is,
When a-shooting we do go, etc. etc.

And so on through many more verses that might be heard at a festive gathering of local sportsmen. But these fancies of inn parlours do not last long in Ackermann's galleries, for there the sporting prints are displayed as precious things, and one may regard them comparatively, judging the styles of the several artists and their engravers, noting the design, the natural charm of the landscape, and the relation to it of the sportsmen and their dogs, with the measure of the vitality of each. Yet, however we may judge the prints artistically, there will always be in the best of them the

sense of the sportsman, the feeling that will not allow the artist to present anything as contrary to sportsmanship, though the design might appear to demand it. For so many of the painters were practised sportsmen themselves. Samuel Howitt, for instance, who, living at Chigwell in Epping Forest, shot, hunted, and painted as a country gentleman, until money losses caused him to become a professional artist, devoting himself chiefly to the sporting subjects and the landscapes he knew so well, and painting, etching, and engraving with tremendous energy and skill. When he did a shooting subject you could take it for granted that the birds would behave after the manner of their kind, and the sportsmen would do nothing unbecoming. See, for instance, the set of fine "shooting" plates—

"Grouse," "Pheasant," "Partridge," and "Woodcock"—which Howitt, about 1805, engraved himself from his own pleasant designs. How certain you may feel that the dogs, as well as the sportsmen, are enjoying their sport. Then, in his "Wild Duck Shooting," how thoroughly Howitt realized the lake-side scene, with the dogs flopping among the reeds, and the men following on through the rushes



ONE OF A PAIR OF SHOOTING PRINTS

Engraved by Samuel Alken, after George Morland

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THE GAMEKEEPERS

Painted by George Stubbs, A.R.A. Landscape by Amos Green, of Bath (1778)

Engraved by Henry Birche (1790)

and the trees as they bring down their quarry on the wing. None but an artist intimately accustomed to the sport could have rendered it so faithfully. Then there were the Dean Wolstenholmes, father and son, sportsmen both, and as artists with little to choose between them, only that the younger was also a capital engraver. Look at "Partridge Shooting," painted by the elder and aquainted by the younger, and then at "Plate III" of four plates painted by Wolstenholme senior, and engraved by R. G. Reeve, who had a specially sympathetic touch in the rendering of land-

scape. This plate shows the sportsmen resting for refreshment in a woodland glade, while a servant pours out a glass of wine. The landscape here, with all its living detail of shrub and tree, is felt by an artist, and the incident is depicted with a companionable intimacy, in which the dogs play their part, and the "bag" tells its own tale. George Morland, that out-of-doors man, was, of course, a sportsman, and his popular designs were such that engravers were glad to expend their skill upon them. At Ackermann's I saw a pair, of which one is reproduced, that Sam Alken engraved, but



PACKING UP

Designed and engraved by James Pollard

Old Shooting Prints

which cannot be said to represent the painter at his best. In both pictures there is a landscape with cottages: in one a man stands by the horse, while the other is shooting; in the next there are two sportsmen with their pointers, one loading the powder from his flask, the other ramming home his charge.



WILD DUCK SHOOTING

Painted and engraved by Samuel Howitt about 1805

These are typical shooting prints, perhaps true to their period, but they have not the vitality of two delightful prints—aquatints with etching and stipple—by C. Catton, junior, from paintings in which Morland really enjoyed himself. One watches the man loading his gun in "Partridge Shooting," the action is so naturally observed and rendered with so vital a touch; while the snowy landscape of "Snipe Shooting" is studied with the same truth as that with which the movements of the sportsmen are depicted. Another happy print of the same subject was done in 1822 by Dubourg, after a picture by James Pollard, but that prolific and versatile artist himself engraved his designs for a "shooting" series of six prints which are particularly vivid. They comprise "Partridge," "Pheasant," "Grouse," "Wild Duck," and "Snipe"; but the last plate of all, a very live and busy print, is called "Packing Up," showing, outside a country house, a trap standing open to pack up the "bag"—the dogs are about, and a charming country scene, partly riparian, with some red-roofed buildings, reveals Pollard's alert eye for landscape, which helped him to be so live an interpreter of shooting, racing, and coaching scenes.

It is not often, I fancy, that that excellent painter of horses, George Stubbs, figures among the artists of shooting scenes, but here

are two—William Woollett's fine engraving of "The Spanish Pointer," in a particularly brilliant impression that makes Woollett's deliberately laid lines positively sparkle on the white paper, although the print was done as early as 1768; and "The Gamekeepers," engraved by Henry Birche. This interesting picture was one of six painted for Lord Torrington at his country seat, Southill, in 1778, but the print was not done till 1790. The landscape, a charming bit of the wooded park, was painted by Amos Green, of Bath. Though Stubbs was quite capable of painting the entire picture, his work was confined to the steward and his horse, the gamekeeper and the dogs, which include a pomeranian, and the horse is a characteristic piece of painting. Among the numerous shooting prints at Ackermann's are two interesting pairs by George Hunt, after S. J. E. Jones, showing, in "September," two sportsmen in top hats and frock-coats shooting over pointers in fine open country, followed by a solemn servant, also in top hat, carrying the "bag," while in "October" the sportsmen use spaniels and are shooting in the coverts treading over the bracken. Then there is a set of six plates, engraved by J. Medland, after J. West, done in 1804, showing the various ways of shooting



THE SPANISH POINTER

Painted by George Stubbs, A.R.A.

Engraved by William Woollett (1768)

game in Ireland, Somerset, the Highlands, and Wales. Whether J. C. Ibbetson was a sportsman or not, he painted his shooting scenes as if he were, and R. Dodd engraved them as faithfully as if they were great naval battles.

SOME CASTLES OF CASTILLE

By M. K. HERBERT

PART I



LA MOTA, MEDINA DEL CAMPO

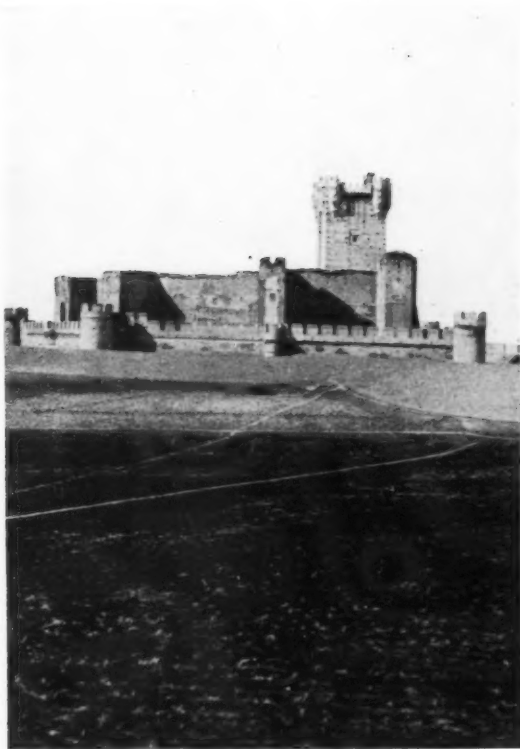
View from the Moat before the restoration of the drawbridge and battlements

THE thought of Castille evokes memories of rock-strewn mountains, forests of pines, and straggling, sun-scorched villages, brown like their inhabitants and the soil of the arid plains upon which they lie "boundless and bare"; but, as its name implies, Castille is essentially the land of castles, and to this day probably retains a greater number than any other country in Europe. Many were built by the Romans to restrain the Cantabrian tribes who were never thoroughly subdued, and these fortified outposts were equally necessary and useful to the Visigoths.

It is said that the first document bearing

the name of Castille (Calá) is that written in Arabic and dated 759, in which the Emir 'Abd-ar-Rahmân sends peace and blessing to the people of Castille in return for an annual tribute. The Moors had made use of many Roman and Visigothic foundations for the fortresses they were obliged to build all over Spain; against the Christians on the one side, and the Mediterranean pirates or invaders on the other. Many such castles can still be seen, particularly in the south-east, where those along the coast were afterwards of great service to the Christians. At the crushing defeat of the Moors in the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, 1212, the banner of Alfonso VIII

Some Castles of Castille



LA MOTA. Distant view of Castle

already bore the "Castle of Castille," and in its colouring, gold on a red ground, were laid the foundations of the national flag. It was not until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that the typically Spanish castle began to develop. As the reconquest slowly spread southwards, strongholds were needed against the Moors and formed the nucleus of the newly populated villages. Later they were equally important during the ceaseless internecine warfare and intrigues of the nobility, whose power gradually increased until it exceeded that of the King. When the Black Prince came to help Pedro the Cruel against his bastard brother, Enrique de Trastamara, and Duguesclin in 1367, both French and English had visions of being rewarded with "castles in Spain," the memory of whose unfulfilled expectations has been preserved through the centuries and become proverbial in both languages.

Military architecture in Spain

during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was more advanced than that of the other Christian nations, as she had learnt much from her Mohammedan invaders, who in their turn had derived their knowledge from the Persians and Assyrians, and so on back to the Chaldean engineers of remote antiquity. These last had discovered that the strength of a fortress should not only depend on the height and width of its walls, but they had also realized the importance of keeping the enemy at a distance, and in order to prevent him from even reaching the fortress they evolved moats, redans, projecting rectangular towers, concentric enclosures, slopes to cause projectiles to ricochet, machicolations and brattices; at Susa, for instance, all these forms of defence can be seen. The Spaniards did not take long to see the advantage of placing the main strength of their fortresses in curtains flanked by projecting towers, either semicircular or rectangular, with a double line of circumvallation, and the art of suppressing or lessening dead angles by means of a talus or brattices. Such was in general the outline of all their fortresses, and these features were commonly employed till the sixteenth century, or to the end of the castle era. The reason of the striking uniformity in plan of Spanish fortifications, whether of Christian or Moorish origin, can thus be traced back to the Oriental models which they had both followed. The rest of Europe was still content with towers at a considerable distance apart, and only projecting



COCA. From the south-east, giving some idea of the varied contour of its turrets and decorated battlements

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slightly from the walls, so as to have but little flanking value. As a result of their constant warfare with the Moors, and particularly during the last siege of Granada, the Spaniards also learnt much of military tactics and strategy, and the experience and knowledge thus gained was to lead to their conquests in Italy under the "Gran Capitán," and later to the victories of Charles V.

The Spaniards also imitated the Moors in their interior decoration; the walls were either whitewashed and covered with tapestries

the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Christian kings had appropriated for their own use the newly-conquered Alcázars of Toledo and Seville; and the luxury and splendour of the Moorish interiors, so different from the cold, northern buildings to which they were accustomed, soon became popular, not only with them, but with the members of their courts; and all those who could, began to "do over" their castles in the Moorish style. This predilection for Moorish decorations and customs reached its height during the reign of



COCA. From the north-east, showing the remains of the Roman walls

or Cordoban leather hangings, or were ornamented with Moorish "yeserías" or raised stucco work; the wainscots were of wood or "azulejos" (coloured tiles). The floors were usually of brick, often placed in geometrical designs and, in the richer houses, covered with carpets woven in Andalusia, Morocco, or the East, and later—when Enrique II, after his long association with France, brought in French customs—French tapestries, damasks, and silks were all the fashion.

Though alike in plan, in actual construction the castles belong to several styles, broadly divided into: (a) Christian, which includes Romanesque and Gothic; (b) Mohammedan; (c) Mudéjar, which is a blending of the two. Those in Castille are usually Gothic or Romanesque without, and Mudéjar within. In

Enrique IV (1454-74), who not only favoured all their habits and built himself a Moorish palace in Segovia, but also wore Moorish dress. During the constant wars of the fifteenth century the era of the strongly fortified castle-palace attained its zenith, but it declined rapidly with the advent of gunfire and under the more settled rule of Ferdinand and Isabella, who suppressed the power of the nobles, forbade castles to be built, and ordered many to be destroyed. By 1517 a number were already in ruins. There is an interesting document dated 1592 in which Philip II orders an inquiry to be made "into the state of the castles and fortresses" of his kingdom of Spain, what was the strength of their garrisons, and what was being spent on their upkeep and repair. The result was a sad story of ruin and

Some Castles of Castille



COCA. Entrance on north side

neglect; most of them were garrisoned by one or two old soldiers, while villagers had taken to living in others, or were using them as a quarry for their own houses; only a few, owing to their strategic importance or because they had been converted into luxurious residences by the wealth of their owners, were still in good repair. Of Medina del Campo the report says: "It rains as much into rooms and corridors as if there were no tiles on the roof. This very day, owing to the constant rain, part of the passage leading to the chapel has given way. There is no drawbridge."

Old Castille alone, the battleground of the turbulent nobility in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, still possesses the remains of over fifty castles. The history of most of them is associated with the same families—Mendoza, Luna, Velasco, Pacheco, and many more—whose rise and fall can be traced in the stones of the strongholds they so often defended.

With few stone quarries of its own Castille has always been essentially a land of brick, and in the castles of La Mota and Coca it possesses two of the finest examples of the art in Spain. The enormous mass of La Mota towers above the railway station of Medina del Campo, and can be seen by every traveller approaching Madrid from Irun. It takes its name from the mound on which it stands, which, though of no great height, commands a superb view, extensive even for that land of distant spaces. To the north the tawny, rolling plain stretches away into endless distance, and to the south the snowy Guadarrama forms a distant background to the dark forests of pines.

The foundations are Roman, probably with a Visigothic and Moorish superstructure, but

in the middle of the thirteenth century a Romanesque fortress was raised on their ruins, of which the inner walls, flanked on three sides by massive square towers, still remain; the fourth side, facing the entrance, with its pepper-pot turrets or "escaragüaitas," the keep, the barbican at the entrance, and the outer walls were built by Fernando Carreño for Juan II in 1449. Later Queen Isabella enlarged and redecorated the interior. The walls are built of beaten earth faced with brick. Sunk in a deep moat, hewn from the rock, the great height of the keep, or "Torre del Homenaje," dominating the plain, gives it a superb arrogance of its own. During the extensive restorations made since the war the drawbridge has been rebuilt, and it is now possible to enter the castle through the main entrance: a round-headed arch, flanked by two towers and surmounted by the sheaf of arrows and yoke of Ferdinand and Isabella worked in white stone. The enceinte between inner and outer wards is exceptionally wide on the side facing the entrance to allow the passage of troops between the drawbridge and the gateway on the south side leading into the courtyard of the castle. The inner walls enclose nothing but a shell; the delicately groined ceiling of a small recess, known as the "Tocador de la Reina" (the queen's dressing-room), can give but a faint idea of its splendour in the fifteenth century. Although the upper portion is now wanting, the remains of the keep show it to have been originally of great height. The tower is square, of ample girth and immensely strong, while it is crowned with eight small turrets locally known as "swallows' nests." Various chambers can still be seen, that on the third floor being roofed with a splendid example



COCA. Detail of Keep

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of a brick dome reposing on squinches, an Oriental feature very usual in Castille. The outer rampart wall, defended with battlements, contains a double "chemin de ronde," whose vaulted passages, still in good repair, are totally enclosed, being placed one above the other and connected in the angle-towers with stairways. Light is admitted through loopholes, cut in solid stone, of which the upper series are of the cross and orb type, so that oblique and direct views could be obtained.

Medina was for many years one of the favourite residences of the Castillian kings; not only did Juan II and Enrique IV in their restless, wandering reigns often stop there, but Ferdinand and Isabella paid it an annual visit. In 1170 Medina is mentioned as one of the towns given by Alfonso VIII as a wedding gift to his wife Leonora of England, and again in 1388 it is associated with this country when Don Pedro's daughter, the Duchess of Lancaster, whose husband had unsuccessfully claimed the crown of Castille, stayed there on her way home. From Juan II the fortress passed into the hands of the Fonsecas, but owing to their riotous living they were driven out in 1473 by the townspeople, helped by García Alvarez de Toledo, created Duke of Alba in 1469. An indemnity was to be paid to them and the castle destroyed; but while the negotiations were taking place, Ferdinand and Isabella came to be crowned in Segovia in 1475, and the castle was given to them as a coronation gift. It witnessed many notable events in their reign, such as the signing in 1480 of the charter appointing Torquemada as the first Inquisitor-General for all Spain, and the preparations and departure of the expedition which was to take Granada. It was

here, too, that the unfortunate Queen, Juana la Loca (Crazy Jane), spent some of her many unhappy years; it was to its entrance that she clung for two cold winter days and nights, oblivious of the remonstrating bishops, in her efforts to rejoin her husband, Felipe el Hermoso (Philip the Handsome) in Flanders. It was here that Isabella died in 1504, after making her famous will which, by appointing her grandson Charles heir to her kingdom, was

to change the face of Europe. Typical of her character is the passage which says: "and that which was to be spent in mourning apparel and obsequies shall be given instead for clothing for the poor, and the wax (of the tapers) shall burn before the Blessed Sacrament in those humble churches where my laws have been well kept." In 1506, after two years' captivity in the keep, Cæsar Borgia made a sensational escape with a rope ladder which was cut as he was half-way down; he was flung into the moat, but managed to reach the waiting horses and get away to the court of his brother-in-law in Navarre, only to be killed next year at the siege of Viana. After the

death of the Catholic sovereigns, the glory of Medina slowly waned. During the Comunero revolts in 1520, Antonio Fonseca claimed the castle's guns to use against Segovia, but Medina refused to let them be turned on her friends, and instead used them against Fonseca, who, in revenge, set fire to the city, when the greater part was burnt to the ground. As a result, Fonseca earned the undying hatred of Castille, and not only he, but also his brother, the Bishop of Burgos, were obliged to flee from the country.

Isabel of Portugal came to Medina during some of the frequent absences of her lord and master, Charles V, but the life of the place



COCA. Inner entrance on the west side with Mudéjar archway and plasterwork. The niche over the doorway formerly held the shield of the Fonsecas with its five stars. The remains of the patio columns can be seen through the open door



Some Castles of Castille

had gone and her court was discontented and bored. Gradually the castle became deserted and forgotten, and many of the stones, with their past memories, were taken to keep guard round the dead in the walls of the cemetery near by.

Midway on the line between Medina and Segovia lies Coca, and half an hour's walk through the pine forests brings into view the "castle enchanted"—a multitude of towers and flickering lines of battlements, a glowing mass of pink and ruby, set, like an enormous jewel, in the bare cliffs of the Eresma. A Mudéjar work of the highest quality, the remarkable unity of technique and finish displayed at Coca is very rare in Spain. The building was erected all at one time and, expressing the same idea throughout, is in a sense more perfect than the other castles, with their numerous additions and alterations. Such strange, Oriental beauty shows little sign of age, and its appearance is so unexpected, so rich and fantastic, that it must surely have come into being at some wizard's touch.

Of the early history of Coca little is known. However, Roman foundations which are incorporated within the present work can be clearly distinguished and formed part of the walls of the city of Cauca, which suffered severely when 20,000 Caucenses were put to death by order of the Consul Licinius. The castle was built by the great Archbishop of Seville, Don Alonso de Fonseca (died 1473). Friend and adviser of Henry IV, he was one of the most powerful nobles of his day and celebrated for his riches. Of a banquet he gave for the king, the chronicle says: "After they had dined very splendidly, instead of the sweetmeats, he

ordered two dishes to be brought, full of golden rings, and every one was set with a different precious stone, so that the queen and her ladies could each choose their favourite jewel." The incomplete date MCCCC... can be seen upon the keep, and although the last figures are lost this must have been one of the latest, if not the very latest, castle to be erected in Castille. It is surrounded by an exceptionally deep moat with brick-lined sides and spanned originally by two bridges of which one alone survives, with its three arches, that in the centre round-

headed, and the others pointed. The general plan of the castle is rectangular, with an outer and inner ward, both with octagonal angle towers, strengthened with octagonal turrets. These, as also the turrets along the ramparts, are covered with stucco and are corbelled out from the walls in diminishing lines of brickwork, decorated with a variety of diapered designs. Similar designs also adorned the



COCA. Church of Santa María. Tomb of Don Alonso de Fonseca, Archbishop of Seville, and builder of the castle

bands of plaster of varying widths which relieve at intervals the monotony of the walls. The semicircular towers in the centre of each curtain have their bases decorated with interlacing brick arches. True to the tradition of placing the inner entrance at right angles to that of the outer ward, the gateway into the castle proper is on the north side. The keep which shelters it is of immense strength, the walls in places being three yards in depth, but the crown of projecting turrets gives to its great mass an appearance of grace and lightness similar to the grouping of slender columns round the pillars of Gothic cathedrals. The brickwork is especially intricate in the battlements, where the merlons, having lost their original covering of plaster, expose a fantastic

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variety of shapes, circular, serrated and pointed, enriched with mouldings of stone. The machicolations and battlements, with their "basket work" brick ornamentation, are purely decorative, while the windows cut into the merlons show that they were built at a time when as methods of defence they were already out of date. Indeed, the towers are loopholed for gun fire, and cannon balls can still be found in the grass-grown moat. Each angle tower has a stairway winding up to the battlements, and down into a maze of dungeons, guard-rooms and underground passages which once

of Burgos. The latter's brother, Antonio Fonseca, who set fire to Medina, supervised the work of the royal tombs erected by Charles V to the memory of his parents and grandparents at Granada. He was also instrumental in sending to Italy Bartolomé Ordóñez, a native of Burgos who lived in Barcelona, and who later erected the tomb of Philip the Handsome and Juana la Loca, as well as that of Cardinal Ximénez in Alcalá de Henares. While abroad, choosing the marble in Carrara and studying the latest Italian designs for the royal monuments, it is probable that Ordóñez



PEDRAZA. General view from the south

connected the town with the castle. In the keep there are some richly decorated vaulted ceilings painted with Moorish patterns and pseudo-Koranic verses. Fragments of coloured tiles can likewise be seen on the walls. There is now no trace of the patio with its double range of marble columns and tiled walls, though it was only in 1828 that the Duke of Alba's administrator stripped the walls and sold the pillars in Madrid for eight duros apiece. Portions of a doorway and tiles from the castle can be seen in the museum at Segovia.

In the Church of Santa María near by are four marble tombs of the Fonseca family; especially fine are those of the builder of the castle, Don Alonso, and his nephew the Bishop

received the commission from Antonio Fonseca for the tombs at Coca. Ordóñez died in Italy in 1520, leaving several tombs unfinished, including, it is thought, those of the parents of Antonio. Those of his uncle, Don Alonso, and brother, in their greater perfection and beauty, were probably completed before his death. A fifth monument was ordered by Antonio for himself, but, possibly as a result of the violent hate he inspired after the fire of Medina del Campo, it was destroyed, and the donor now lies beneath a simple inscribed stone.

Coca passed into the house of Alba early in the sixteenth century, when Alonso de Fonseca, third lord of Coca, married Doña Maria de Toledo, granddaughter of the first Duke of Alba.

Some Castles of Castille

The castle of the neighbouring town of Segovia was one of the most magnificent in Spain before it was irretrievably damaged in the great fire of 1862, the result of a mutiny of cadets, and the present state of the edifice is too well known to need description. The town was much favoured by Enrique IV, who built himself three Moorish palaces there, with the result that the neighbourhood was much influenced by the Moorish style.

Segovia is a good centre for visiting some of the most interesting castles of the "terrible estepa castellana." One of these, Pedraza de la Sierra, twenty miles to the north-east, crowns the peak of a steep hill on the north side of the Guadarrama. The village is small and completely encircled by the walls of the castle. On every side the ground falls away abruptly and the only entrance is up a steep, winding road and through a gate in one of the towers. This entrance bears the shield of the Velasco family and the date 1561; the door into the tower itself now has the incongruous notice of "Carcel del Pueblo" (town prison). The castle is a typical mountain fortress, though the modern appearance of the stonework belies its antiquity. The exact date of erection is uncertain, but it came into the Velasco family in the last half of the fifteenth century when Don Bernardino de Velasco, first Duke of Frias, married Doña Blanca de Herrera, "senora propietaria de Pedraza." Her father, García Gonzalez de Herrera, was Marshal of Castille, and a prominent figure in the wars of Juan II and Enrique IV, so the castle must have been strongly fortified in the early fifteenth century. The Velascos, hereditary Constables of Castille, played a leading part in the history of Spain throughout the rule of the House of Austria. Don Pedro, nephew of Bernardino, whose name is inscribed round his

shield over the entrance, was captain-general of the forces during the Comunero revolts, and helped his father, Don Iñigo, Governor-General of the kingdom during the absence of Charles V, to defeat the rebels at Villalar in 1521. The castle was afterwards restored, either on account of war damage, or else to make it a fit residence for the Dauphin of France and the Duke of Orleans. These, François and Henri de Valois, sons of Francis I, aged nine and seven years, were sent as hostages for their father after his defeat at Pavia in 1526. There they spent three years till the Treaty of Cambrai, and during these years the castle was at the height of its fame and prosperity. The ruins are those of a luxurious country house rather than a fortress, as the later alterations include the cutting of deep stone seats in the embrasures which pierce the older and immensely strong masonry. The weaker sides, on the east and west, have projecting watch towers, and on the south the keep overlooks the village and circuit of walls. The chief interest of the interior is the perfectly preserved "algibe," an underground tank, vaulted, with pointed arches, and built to collect rainwater. The Velascos were renowned patrons of art and letters; their castle was decorated internally in the best taste of the age. It was to the memory of Pedro Hernández de Velasco, Conde de Haro, Grand Chamberlain to Enrique IV, and first of his family to be Constable of Castille and grandfather of Don Pedro, whose arms the castle bears, that his wife, Doña Mencía de Mendoza (of Manzanares), erected the famous "Constable's Chapel" in Burgos Cathedral.

The castle has lately been bought by the painter Zuloaga, who is now engaged in restoring a portion.

JAMES McBEY AS PORTRAIT PAINTER

By JAMES GREIG

IN the "Morning Post" of November 23, 1911, I wrote of James McBey's first exhibition of etchings at Goupil & Co.'s Gallery, 25 Bedford Street, Strand, and said that he was an artist of very considerable promise.

Since then he has travelled far and hopefully along the road that leads to the never-to-be-reached perfection. On the journey he and his art have gained much through mental, emotional, and technical discipline. He has found that poise, not pose, is essential to

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ANDREW G. KIDD, ESQ.

By James McBey

thought and art as it is to life itself. Abstract trifling is undoubtedly the chief cause of the degeneracy which has affected art during the last two decades. All the sophistry of present-day philosophers cannot protect the incompetent from the Nemesis of tradition and Nature. McBey must have felt this instinctively when art first began to agitate his mind while he was employed as a bank clerk in Aberdeen some twenty-five years ago.

But the story of his early days need not be retold. It is already well known in the world of art. Three volumes and numerous newspaper articles dealing with his life and etchings have been published. Curiously enough, however, little has been said about him as a painter. Yet he produced portraits in oil-colours before he had ever touched a plate, and I have seen fine pictures of sea and boats painted by him also before he became famous as an etcher. The urge of art and a great regard for his grandmother made McBey try his "prentice" hand on a portrait of her. The result justified this initial effort. It was an excellent likeness, and revealed to discerning eyes the dawn of qualities which have developed

with amazing rapidity. Under the influence, particularly of Velazquez, his sense of sight and of style was quickened, and along with the growth of these faculties faith in himself and knowledge of character grew; and today he ranks among our foremost portrait painters.

What strikes one most in McBey's personality is his intense enjoyment of life, his absolute content with the world as known to him. This *joie de vivre*, combined with integrity of perception and masterly craftsmanship certainly found fuller expression amid the difficulties of campaigning in Palestine and Egypt, just as the magic of Venice added much to his gifts as a colourist.

Before referring to individual portraits McBey's method of painting may be briefly described. He occasionally makes a rough pencil or charcoal sketch of the face or figure on paper, but in general he starts straight away on a clean canvas, thus insuring purity and permanence of colour. Once begun, he frequently paints the head at one sitting, but in no instance is the pigment allowed to dry before the head is finished. This accounts for



LADY FRANK

By James McBey

James McBey as Portrait Painter

the remarkable vitality and freshness which distinguish all his portraits, and for (what is not unimportant) the fact that he does not weary his sitters by long or many visits. Moreover, they can count on a likeness which is not a libel. That the plainest face or figure has its comely side is never forgotten by McBey. He presents the truth without flattery or offensive amplification. The charm of children, the grace of women and, above all, the force of men, appeal to him irresistibly, and he responds to each quality sympathetically. Hence his great success with the portraits entrusted to him. Examples of them have been shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, Royal Academy, and the Reid-Lefèvre Galleries, Glasgow, a city which is ever foremost in the appreciation of individual or national talent. Its citizens were the first in these Islands to collect works by the Barbizon group, the French Impressionists, and by the men of the modern Dutch or Hague school.

The one-man show of McBey's portraits held in Glasgow two years ago won high praise and brought him many commissions, not only



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD (DAUGHTER
OF MR. STANLEY BALDWIN)

By James McBey



MISS MARGARET BURNET

By James McBey

in the West Country, but from many other parts of Scotland.

And now he is about to challenge opinion in America where his etchings are held in great esteem and bring correspondingly high prices. From the 14th to the 28th of this month Messrs. Knoedler are to open in their fine galleries, New York, a comprehensive exhibition of his portraits, most of which I saw before they crossed the Atlantic. McBey himself will make this the occasion of the first of what should be many visits to America.

The earliest of the portraits to be exhibited represents Miss Phyllis Allan, a winsome young girl with a violin. She is sitting easily, and the handling, if somewhat sedate, is quite expressive. It and my own portrait when hung in the same year at the Grosvenor Gallery formed a strong contrast alike in personality and painting. The later work, as the subject demanded, is defiantly penetrating in research, bolder and more assured in execution. The

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JAMES GREIG, ESQ.

By James McBey

head was painted in a day, save for a necessary accent here and a half-tone there, whereas the background was frequently changed before the artist was satisfied. Particular attention should be paid to the modelling of the face and the remarkable rendering of the left hand.

The portrait of "Sir Harry Lauder," the creator, is naturally more buoyant in outlook and attitude and the handling is nervously alert compared with the dour, determined treatment of the critic. The "Mr. Andrew G. Kidd" (to bring it out of its place in time, but not in merit) is freer, more spontaneous in expression than any of the three yet mentioned. Here we see the keen-eyed business man with no moments to waste. His motto, in the main, is "Les affaires sont les affaires"; but a touch of sentiment lurks modestly in the lines of the face, and there is a hearty shake in the firm, well-shaped hand that holds the "Corona."

As already suggested, McBey's portraits of

women are always refined, never idealized to insipidity. Respect for his sitters and himself is too strong for that descent. He also takes full advantage of their taste in adorning themselves in harmony with their natural attractiveness. This artistic diplomacy is apparent in the beautiful and vivacious portraits of "Mrs. Arthur Howard" (daughter of Mr. Stanley Baldwin), which was hung in the Royal Academy, where also the lively "Miss J. Arnot Robertson" won much favour. In addition to these admiration is evoked by the excellent portraits of "Lady Frank" and "Mrs. George Bonar."

All these portraits are of their period. Those of children alone take one back to the charm and grace peculiar to the eighteenth century, as represented especially by Sir Henry Raeburn. Look at the wholly delightful "Master Richard Kingsett," "Master John Hill" with the happy smile, and the bewitching "Miss Margaret Burnet." Boyhood and girlhood could not be more felicitously expressed.



SIR HARRY LAUDER

By James McBey

THE NEED OF A CAST MUSEUM IN LONDON

By C. K. JENKINS

PROPOSALS have been made at various times with the object of establishing an institution, preferably in London, where thorough and systematic teaching in all departments of the history of art could be given to students who wished to specialize in the several branches of this widely comprehensive subject. In no department is the need of such an institution so urgent as in that of classical archæology. It

is a strange anomaly that, while we have in the British Museum an unrivalled collection of genuine Greek sculpture of the finest period, we have no Cast Museum to supplement it. The consequence is that serious students of Greek sculpture in London must make frequent journeys to Oxford, Birmingham, or Cambridge, as the provision afforded by the few casts in the basement of the British Museum is totally inadequate. Besides the expense thus



A

B

FIG. I. THE APOLLO HEAD FROM THE MAUSOLEUM IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

(A) The original

(B) The restored cast

By the courtesy of Professor Percy Gardner and the Clarendon Press

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involved, the inconvenience and difficulty of studying in this way are patent to everyone.

The present time seems to be very opportune, as the ideal building for such a Cast Museum is in the market. A Cast Museum is essentially a place for study, and a place where the well-being and convenience of students are the first consideration. Instead of enormously long galleries, mostly containing a heterogeneous assortment of sculpture of various dates and styles, the ideal Cast Museum should contain a large number of rooms of moderate size, each allotted to one period, one style or, in the case of the great masters, one sculptor. Because of the peculiar circumstances under which we are obliged to study Greek sculpture, in almost all cases from copies or even adaptations of the lost originals, a Cast Museum should contain casts of as many copies of each statue as possible. These casts should stand well away from the wall, allowing free access and close observation on all sides and in every aspect. In most museums, owing to lack of space, it is quite impossible to see the backs of the statues, and almost impossible to obtain an unobstructed view of the profile. In a Cast Museum, arranged with the sole object of furthering research, it should not be necessary to crane one's neck in order to have a glimpse of any other than a frontal view.

Revolving stands, such as are usual in continental museums, would make comparisons between the different statues far easier than when the statues are immovable, as is generally the case in England.

The casts should be supplemented by photographs framed and hanging on the walls near the statues. The magnificent series Brunn-Bruckmann, the *Einzelverkauf*, the *Antike Denkmäler*, the plates of the Barracco Museum and of the Jacobsen collection in Ny Carlsberg, those of the monographs on the excavations at Olympia, Aegina, Delphi, Pergamon and elsewhere, hung in their appropriate positions, would be worth very many times their value on the shelves of a library. In addition to these great series of plates, the supplements of the English and foreign archaeological periodicals should be available.

The help afforded by vase paintings in many instances, especially where the extant sculpture is in a bad state of preservation, as e.g. the east metopes of the Parthenon, has not been adequately

realized hitherto. Photographs of many vase paintings, especially those in the magnificent Furtwängler-Reichhold series published by Bruckmann, would be invaluable if hung on the walls near the sculptures to which they are related. The influence of painting on Greek sculpture, above all, on the reliefs, is now universally acknowledged; and,



A

FIG. II. THE APOLLO HEAD FROM THE MAUSOLEUM

By the courtesy of Professor Percy Gardner and the Clarendon Press

The Need of a Cast Museum in London

since the vase paintings are our only means of estimating the style of the lost frescoes, they should be available for close study and comparison with the extant sculptures. As all Greek sculpture was originally coloured, it would be advisable to have in each room one coloured cast or, better still, one marble copy carefully painted. The effect of paint on marble is totally different from that of paint on plaster, which is seldom pleasing.

The colour of the walls which frame and form a background to the statues is of the highest importance, especially in a museum intended for serious study. It is unfortunate that in most of our museums Pompeian red has been used. This colour absorbs the light, thus enormously increasing the cost of electric light, and it is very fatiguing to the eyes. I am convinced that the bad headaches and intense weariness which result from a few hours' study in one of our museums would be avoided if the walls were distempered a rather light shade of matt sage-green. A background of this colour shows up the statues extraordinarily well and is peculiarly restful to the eyes. It was chosen by Professor E. A. Gardner for the Cast Museum in Birmingham.

The question of lighting is generally neglected in our museums. As a rule all the

light comes from above, either from the ceiling or from windows set very high in the wall. A moment's reflection shows that this method is entirely wrong for most of the sculpture which has come down to us. The shadows, which play a very important part

in all sculpture meant to be seen out of doors, are hardly ever in the right places. To take an extreme instance: the frieze of the Parthenon, as placed in the British Museum, is lighted solely from above, so that deep shadows are thrown downwards. As it was placed originally, close to the ceiling, round the walls of the cella, surrounded by a colonnade, the only light that reached it was that which came between the columns and that which was reflected from the marble pavement. To see the frieze properly it should be lighted from below, by footlights, and a rather wide shelf should be fixed above it, to prevent the formation of incorrect shadows. As it is,

we have none of us a right conception of the frieze.

With regard to the vexed question of restorations, a Cast Museum such as I am endeavouring to outline could be of extraordinary service. Everyone is now agreed that originals must be left untouched. But the restoration of certain or practically certain



B

FIG. III. RESTORATION OF THE APOLLO HEAD
FROM THE MAUSOLEUM

By the courtesy of Professor Percy Gardner and the Clarendon Press

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features in a cast is quite legitimate. To the untrained eye a badly injured or weathered head is not a beautiful object. The Apollo head from the Mausoleum is a case in point. Professor Percy Gardner had a cast made of it and very carefully restored in wax by Mr. Bowcher, with the result that the terribly mutilated fragment was transformed into a head of superb beauty and the proposed attribution to Scopas became a certainty* (Figs. I, II, III).

An even more striking example is the fragmentary bronze boy's head of Polyclitan style in the Ashmolean, built up in wax by the same skilful restorer.

I would suggest that in every case there should be a cast of the original in its present condition, and a cast of the probable restoration set beside it. Another lawful restoration should be made when, as in the case of Myron's Discobolus, we have many torsos and one or two certain heads. If our copy of the Discobolus in the British Museum, now disfigured by a head more than a hundred years too late and actually turned in the wrong direction, could be shown in a cast fitted with a copy of the Massimi head, the beauty of its poise and rhythm, now entirely obscured, would become apparent.

As I have already ventured to suggest,† a great deal might be learned from composite photographs in cases where we have several copies of one work, as e.g. the Cassel Apollo, of which we have at least ten copies. Each copyist put into his work many qualities of the original; but it is hardly to be expected that any copyist, however skilful, put everything. I cannot help thinking that a composite photograph might eliminate much of what has been added by the individual copyists, whether accidentally or intentionally, and might bring us very close to the original.

A Cast Museum should provide means for

* Published in *New Chapters in Greek Art* by Professor Percy Gardner, and reproduced here by kind permission of the author and of the Clarendon Press.

† See *The Burlington Magazine*, April, 1927, p. 190, note.

training students in the difficult art of detecting forgeries. It is well known that all museums, especially those of recent date, possess a certain number of doubtful or worse than doubtful works. A comparison of a known forgery with a known original is of inestimable value. As an instance I may quote the horse's head of Pentelic marble now at University College, London. By itself, it might pass for an original Greek work, but, set beside the glorious horse of the east pediment of the Parthenon, it is unmistakably a forgery. In America the study of forgeries is regarded as very necessary, and it should be so here.

As I wrote above, the ideal building for a Cast Museum is now in the market. Mr. Selfridge does not intend to renew his lease of Lansdowne House, which is to be sold on the expiration of his tenancy. In this splendid house, which already contains a magnificent collection of Greek sculpture, we have the ideal building for a Cast Museum. If it were bought for this purpose, possibly Lord Lansdowne might be persuaded to allow his collection of genuine sculpture to remain on loan. This would supply exactly what was needed to preserve close contact between casts and original works. The cost would probably be far less than that of building a museum, and the gain would be incalculable. Instead of having two or three long, crowded galleries, it would be possible to arrange the casts historically in rooms of moderate size, with plenty of movable seats taking the place of the scanty supply of fixed benches which is generally the only accommodation provided for students.

Lansdowne House is easily accessible from all parts of London, and is large enough to house a collection worthy of our old reputation as a country of art lovers and connoisseurs. If, for any reason, it proves impossible to acquire Lansdowne House, I would suggest that there are other West End mansions well worth saving from the fate which has overtaken Grosvenor House and Dorchester House.



RUSSIAN CERAMICS

By CYRIL G. E. BUNT

IT is not necessary, perhaps, for the lover of old china to be deeply versed in the history of ceramics; but it materially enhances the interest of collecting to know at least something of its broad outlines, particularly with regard to those countries wherein the industry has approached perfection. There are plenty of excellent books, of course, to which we may turn for the requisite information, but if

we look for a history of the art in Russia we shall be disappointed. If mentioned at all it is passed over in a very few words indeed.

And yet Russian china is not so rare as to be unknown to connoisseurs, nor is it so poor in artistic qualities that it deserves to be so neglected. On the contrary it is, at its best, comparable with the finest productions of other countries. This is all the more surprising when we realize that it was not until the eighteenth century that any effort was made to establish the manufacture within the empire.

Peter the Great, to whose initiative Russia owed so much in the westernization of its arts and ideas, had thoughts of establishing a factory for the making of porcelain in St. Petersburg, but the scheme did not materialize until the ensuing reign.

The art of the potter existed of course, before Peter I, but it was entirely restricted (outside the *kustarni*, or peasant, arts) to the production of bricks, tiles, and coarse domestic ware. Fine porcelain was entirely imported, and the wares of Sèvres, Meissen, and



FIG. 1. TEAPOT, decorated with painted flowers within gold borders on dark blue ground

*Imperial Factory. Period, Catherine II
In Victoria and Albert Museum*

Staffordshire were familiar to the Empress Elizabeth. It was she who, early in her reign, conceived the idea of setting up an Imperial factory that should rival the foreign establishments.

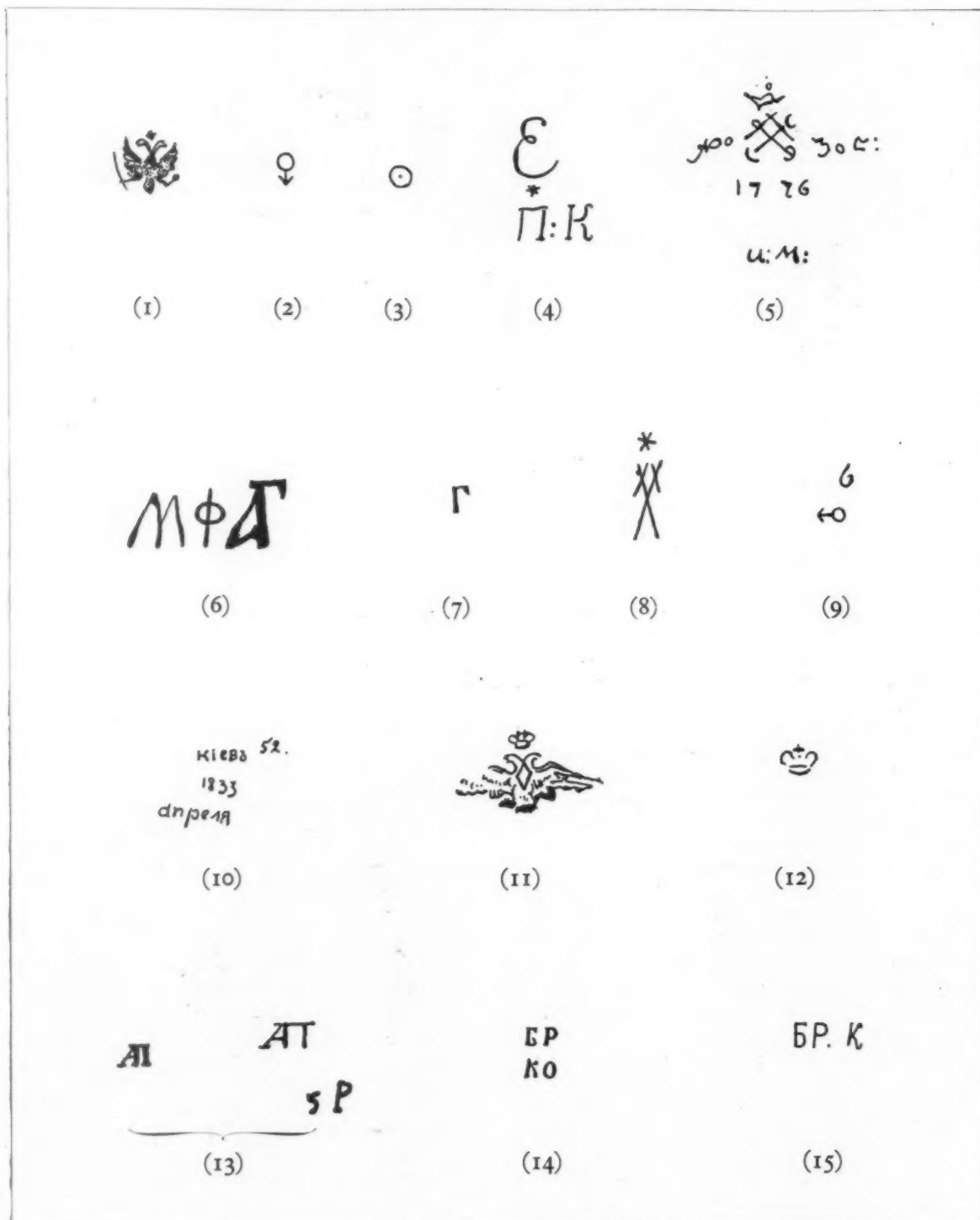
With this end in view a contract was made, in 1744, with a certain Christopher Konrad Hunger, a German who was then living at Stockholm, to found a factory for the fabrication of porcelain at St. Petersburg.

Events show that

the selection of this man was unfortunate and materially hampered the venture in its earliest years. The factory was actually started in the spring of 1745, yet it was not until the following year that the first articles were produced. He had been with Böttcher at Dresden and had worked as gilder and enameller at Meissen, but he was no potter. Repeated failures proved that he was hopelessly incapable of the task he had undertaken.

In consequence of this he was provided with an assistant Dmitri Vinogradov, who really saved the situation. When Hunger was discharged in 1748, Vinogradov assumed direction and for ten years he held the post; but it would seem that, until the year 1758, the factory remained more or less in an experimental stage.

In the year referred to Jean Gottfried Müller, a man from the Meissen factory, was engaged as moulder-experimenter, and from thenceforward the wares produced steadily improved both in quality and quantity. The Imperial Porcelain Factory (*Imperitorskii*



MARKS ON RUSSIAN CERAMICS
Referred to by figures in parentheses in text

Russian Ceramics



FIG. II. COVERED CUP AND SAUCER. Decorated with painted flowers within coloured border on dark blue ground
Imperial Factory. Period, Catherine II
In Victoria and Albert Museum

Farfor Zavod) never looked back after that, and the products of its kilns are renowned for their excellence of technique no less than their artistic qualities.

The mark employed by the Imperial factory during the time of Elizabeth and Peter III was the Imperial Double Eagle, either in black or impressed (1). Two other marks are also met with in this period however—one, that shown in (2), the other as seen in (3); this last during the reign of Peter. During the reigns of Catherine and Paul, and indeed to the end of the century, the royal initial is used, with sometimes the addition of П.К. standing for Придворная Контора (Pridvornaia kontora—Crown Office), as in (4). A laurel wreath sometimes encircles the initial of Alexander II. From the eighteenth century porcelain products have borne the arms of St. Petersburg—two crossed anchors, with a crown above and date (5).

Both at the Victoria and Albert and British Museums there are good, though not very elaborate, specimens from the Imperial factory. Apparently, however, neither has anything earlier than the reign of Catherine. Fig. I shows a teapot and Fig. II a covered cup and saucer, both from one service, decorated with painted flowers within gold borders on a dark blue ground. They display the monogram D.O. crowned and are marked E.II in

blue with a gold star—Catherine II, 1762–96. The same mark is borne by several pieces in the British Museum—one, a saucer-shaped dish showing the addition of П.К. in blue underglaze.

In the British Museum are three plates, part of a service presented by Alexander I to the Queen of Württemberg (Fig. III). One of these dates from the reign of Paul, the others from that of Alexander, thus obviously made 1801–2. They are painted in colours with views in the centre, the descriptions of which are given in French and Italian on the back. A plate from the same service is in the South Kensington collection, bearing the mark of Alexander. A fine green and gold cup and saucer in the latter collection (Fig. IV) is of the period of Nicholas I, 1825–44, and an excellent specimen of even more

recent times—an old Koriac woman preparing skins—dating from the time of Nicholas II, the last Tsar (Fig. V).

Soon after the launching of this initial venture, another factory, under Imperial patronage, but not State-owned, was set up in the village of Verbilka, near Moscow. It was established in the year 1750 and was known as



FIG. III. PLATE. Part of Service presented by Alexander I to Queen of Württemberg

Imperial Factory, 1801–2
In British Museum

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the Gardnerovski Zovod. As the name implies, an Englishman, Francis Jacob Gardner, was at the head of this venture. Researches fail to disclose anything of his history in England, but he arrived in Russia in 1746.

From the first his factory was a success, and throughout its history, up to the time of its absorption (in 1891) by the firm of Kuznetsov, it ranked as the foremost privately owned factory in Russia. He made all kinds of porcelain, and charming little figures in biscuit. The earlier wares are valuable and sought after by collectors, being equal to the best work of Meissen or Sèvres. In 1861 the firm was turned into a company by Peter Frantsevich Gardner.

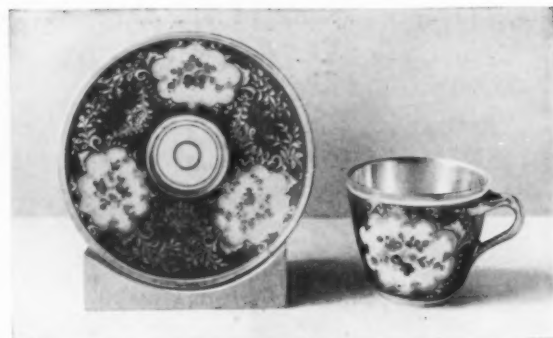


FIG. IV. CUP AND SAUCER, green and gold
Imperial Factory. Period, Nicholas I
In Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. V. STATUETTE. Koriac Woman Preparing Skins
Imperial Factory. Period, Nicholas II
In Victoria and Albert Museum

On the earliest Gardnerovski faience the mark М.Ф.Я.Г. (6) is found, and for porcelain the initial Г (7). From the seventies of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth century the English letter G, in light or dark blue underglaze, is usual, though the crossed swords with a star are also found at the end of the century, sometimes degenerating into little more than two crosses (8).

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the letter G is still used, but it is in shape like a small hooked figure six (9). From this time onwards we find the name Гарднеръ (or GARDNER very occasionally) and, on both faience and porcelain of the second quarter of the century, the arms of Moscow and the name Ф. Б. Гарднеръ. From the period of Alexander II we find, with the arms of Moscow, the words "Фабрики Гарднеръ въ Москвѣ" (Fabriki Gardner v Moskvye—the Gardner Manufactory in Moscow).

Of the Gardner products, the British Museum has a charming statuette of a girl in a black bodice, grey skirt, and a figured apron, holding a basket of flowers (Fig. VI). It bears the English G in blue. A

Russian Ceramics

simple plate, decorated with flowers, in the Victoria and Albert Museum is of the same period (i.e. between 1770-1800). Gardner wares in the same collection, probably to be dated in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, include a porcelain plate (with G underglaze and Гарднеръ impressed), and two little statuettes (Гарднеръ and the Imperial Eagle). The two statuettes are illustrated in Fig. VII.

In the British Museum a notable piece of later age is the biscuit statuette of a Russian peasant breaking the ice (Fig. VIII). It bears the Alexander II initial and Фабрики Гарднеръ въ Москвѣ, enclosing the St. George of Moscow. At



FIG. VII. STATUETTES OF TWO RUSSIAN PEASANTS

Gardner, mid-nineteenth century

In Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. VI. STATUETTE. Peasant
Girl in black bodice

Gardner, late eighteenth century

In British Museum

Bloomsbury, too, is a group of two musicians, upon the provenance of which doubt is thrown, but which, nevertheless, bears a degenerate form of the crossed swords used by the Gardnerovski factory towards the end of the eighteenth century, i.e. *circa* 1780-1800. It has no resemblance to Gardner's usual figures and shows little evidence of his careful modelling of the features. Nevertheless, the mark is a Gardner mark.

To about the middle of the eighteenth century likewise must be ascribed the launching of a factory or factories in North Russia by a merchant named Mikhail Volkov. Unfortunately there seems to be no available information of these. It is not even ascertained where they were established. But the industry grew apace, and during the reign of Elizabeth still other factories sprang into existence. At the accession of Catherine II, in 1762, there were twelve in all, seven producing porcelain and five faience.

A considerable impetus was given to the industry during the early years of this reign by the influence of Wedgwood. For some years Wedgwood-ware had been familiar in the Russian capital when, in 1773, Catherine ordered the famous Imperial dinner service from the celebrated English potter. Lord Cathcart, then British Consul, had taken out a selection of Wedgwood's work with him, which he exhibited and even took orders for. Doubtless it was owing to his influence that the order for the dinner service was given.

We find by the close of the eighteenth century the number of factories had reached a score. Of these the Kievo-Mezhigorskii Fabrika, at Kiev, must be mentioned. Founded in 1798, in



FIG. VIII. STATUETTE. Peasant Breaking the Ice
Gardner. Period, Alexander II
In British Museum

connection with the Mezhygorski Monastery, its wares are now of considerable rarity and much prized by connoisseurs, particularly those pieces decorated in relief with flowers and leaves and adorned with pictures of peasants in national costume. The mark of this factory for fifty years was the word "Кіевъ" (10). On some pieces, however, the Imperial Eagle, crowned, or even the crown alone, is found (11 and 12).

With the early years of the nineteenth century quite a number of notable makers

started to produce. Popov in 1811 took over the Gordunov factory, which had been started in 1806 by Charles Milly (or Millet). The Popov mark was, on all wares, a monogram of the letters АП (13), but rarely ПОПОВЫ (Popovui) is found. The Victoria and Albert Museum has a Popov plate (Fig. IX), the British Museum a cup and saucer and two statuettes of peasants (Figs. X and XI). Each of these has the usual monogram in blue underglaze.

In 1809, Auerbach, whose well-known establishment was amalgamated in 1870 with the Kuznetsov factory, began business, devoting himself exclusively to pottery. Prince Yusopov started a private factory of small dimensions at Arkhangelski in 1814, engaging workmen from Sèvres and obtaining his clay thence also. His productions were for private use and presentation purposes, and consequently are now much prized. They are generally marked "Архангельское," and dated, their decorative features including portraits of celebrities, views, and scenes from the 1812 campaign. In the years following the latter event the industry continued to be augmented by new enterprises, until very soon the total number exceeded fifty. But subsequently and until the last decade of the century, there seems to have been a falling off in the number of new



FIG. IX. PLATE
Popov, nineteenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum



Russian Ceramics



FIG. X. STATUETTE
Peasant Dancing
Popov, nineteenth century
In British Museum

ventures. Doubtless the numerous smaller firms could not compete with those which had already secured a reputation. Nevertheless those years saw the rise of several notable firms.

One of these was the Safronov factory, founded at Korotki in 1830. The most interesting of its products were, perhaps, the quaint figures of national types in characteristic costume. The mark used was "C," or "Сафронова," in light blue.

Another firm was that of the Kornilov Brothers, whose wares—fine hard-paste porcelain—gave them a reputation as one of the

foremost firms in Russia. They attempted, with partial success, to introduce decorative figures of typical Russian style. Many pieces are skilfully decorated with pictures after originals by native artists of repute. The Victoria and Albert Museum has a little Kornilov figure, after a Meissen original, mid-nineteenth century, and of no great merit (Fig. XII). From 1835, when they started, until 1839, their wares are marked "Фабрики Братьевъ Корниловыхъ въ С. Петербургѣ," after 1839 "Въ С. Петербургѣ. Братьевъ Корниловыхъ," "Б.Р.К.О." or "Б.Р.К.," the latter initials were seemingly only



FIG. XII. STATUETTE. Monkey Playing
a Hurdy-gurdy
Kornilov (after a Meissen original)
Mid-nineteenth century
In Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. XI. STATUETTE
Peasant Girl Dancing
Popov, nineteenth century
In British Museum

used in 1839 and 1840 (15 and 16).

Quite the most famous name in the later history of Russian ceramics should be referred to here, for the year 1832 saw the inception of the earliest of the Kuznetsov factories at Dulev. Different members of the Kuznetsov family set up as potters at various times and at various places. The initials Ф.С.Т.К. (i.e. Fabriki Sindora Terent'evich Kuznetsov), or, on faience, "З.С.Т.К. въ Дулевъ" (Zavoda S.T.K. in Dulev), are marks used, but the name is frequently in full, with the place added.

The whole of the establishments bearing this name were eventually amalgamated,

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and from time to time they absorbed other important concerns such as Mal'tsov (1851), Auerbach (1870), Gardnerovski (1891), and carried on the same "lines" as those factories were already producing. Immediately before the Great War the output of this combine comprised about two-thirds of the entire production of pottery and porcelain in Russia. Their range was a wide one. Some factories produced only pottery, others only porcelain or semi-porcelain; while still others, such as that at Kuznetsov (originally the Auerbach firm), made not only pottery and porcelain but also majolica and semi-porcelain.

A venture of some interest was that of A. D. Startsev, established so late as 1896 on the island of Putiatin, near Vladivostok, a

district producing an excellent quality koalin. Its wares were only the usual range of domestic articles, but the potters employed were Japanese. It closed in 1900.

Speaking generally, the standard of quality in Russian ceramics is high, particularly in the case of the larger firms. There is, no doubt, a certain lack of originality about many examples, due in a measure to the great influence of the Imperial and Gardnerovski factories when the art was in its infancy. For the collector it may be well to explain that not all pottery with marks in Slavic characters is Russian. There are the factories of erstwhile Russian Poland, and also of Serbia and Bulgaria, each having its distinctive characteristics, but all in the past employing the Russian alphabet.

SIR DAVID CAMERON'S WATERCOLOURS OF THE HIGHLANDS

By D. S. MELDRUM



KINLOCH ALINE

Watercolour by Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A.

THE Highlands of Scotland are a unique region in the realm. In physical configuration, as in social conditions, they are unlike any other. They stand for scenery and for sport: a special scenery and a particular sport. We think of them as a holiday ground and as a land of tradition. Romance hovers near their austere realities, an ancient sentiment gilds their

modern circumstance. It is a very subtle blend of association that colours the mention of them for us, composed of our own knowledge, our own reading, our own temperamental apprehension of poetry and history. Always there is something in it of Stevenson's "The Highlands—that whole long, strange, pathetic story."

Sir David Y. Cameron, in his present

Sir David Cameron's Watercolours of the Highlands

exhibition of watercolours and drawings at the Cotswold Galleries, is a painter of the Highlands of Scotland. One or two examples in Venice and in Cairo are thrown in which



ENTRANCE TO LOCH ALINE

By Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A.

remind us of the range of his art, hints of his architectural bent and of the monumental element in which Egypt presumably strengthened the impression already made on him by his own hills. But mainly the subjects here are Highland. Not that there is in this exhibition, so far as I know, any comprehensive or retrospective intention. Its content I assume to be the fortuitous output of a practising painter. But such as it is, it is fortunate for my present purpose. For Sir David, in whom runs the blood of Lochiel, is never so fully stretched, his art is never so representatively ranged, as when he is painting what may be called his native Highlands.

It is for oils, perhaps—I speak of the paintings: the etchings are another affair—that Sir David generally reserves his essays at a synthesis of their scenery, and one or two recent canvases are immediately called to mind; but there are not wanting examples here. Take “Lochaber,” where you have a generalization of a land of brown heath and shaggy wood, of mountain and of flood, the constructive masses formally balanced, like those of light and shade, so much indicated, so little elaborated, the hint of a deer sufficient to suggest wild solitudes. How “regional” again is “Winter in Menteith,” where, apart from the recognition of the snow-capped

Bens, a countryside in a specific season lies stretched before you, its characteristics so delicately and subtly set down that reproduction is necessarily unsatisfactory—this, apart from the immediate, essential quality of the drawing, the adept use of the whites, in the sky, for example, and its significant simplifications, as in the foreground. And as another instance of intimate generalization, of a different essence, as the drawing itself differs from all the others, consider “Seil,” which characteristically seizes upon the strange exaltation and wistful sadness that compose the emotional quality of the scenery of the Western Highlands and Islands. The wonder and delight! The haunting sorrow! Here again difficulties of adequate reproduction intervene. It is almost impossible to convey the paleness of the hills behind which the sun is setting in tranquillity but with a hint of menace, or the values of the accents that repeat themselves in sky and foreground.

There are two fine drawings of Loch Aline, a water of peculiar beauty. In the extremely brilliant “Entrance to Loch Aline” the theme of the entrance is boldly announced by the tower beside it, which forms a binding point for the whole composition. All the rhythm of the drawing seems to relate to it. The sun going down in splendour behind the distant enclosing range leaves a glow in the sky that is reflected in the loch under the tenderest shadows, the simplified foreshore sweetly echoing the sensitively indicated



LOCH CHON

By Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A.

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headlands in the middle distances. In the other, called simply "Loch Aline," the same scene, more expansively seen under similar lighting, is "smooored" in a glamorous atmosphere. Less emotionally felt is the "Loch Etive," a drawing of sunny greyness, with a sharp reminder of weather in the sky.

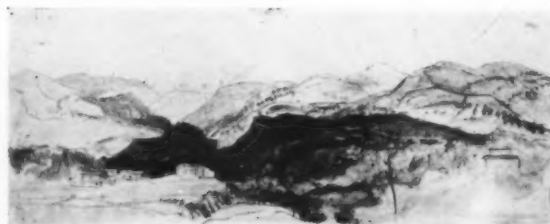
I can write of the "Ben Dearg" from a photograph only, as the original had already gone for reproduction in colour. From that I conclude that it is an important drawing, and the bold outlining of the tops, their mass and weight, and their "spread" speak for themselves; while I am told of, and can well imagine, the richness of the colouring and variety of foreground rhythm that lead the eye into the heart of the picture and up the mountain sides. Its treatment, if not its subject or spirit, I gather, recalls the "Loch Chon," in which, however, there is something of the sweetness of Trossachs scenery, with the young tree telling of Spring and the gleam of hope in the sky. Deep blue waters of the loch, and their surround of rich russets: a sense of quiet over all, broken at intervals by the local sounds of the waterside or the dip of oars on its placid surface.

A characteristic drawing is "Paillol," built up of a strong mass in the centre and silhouetted away in broader generalizations with indications of the lodge and other buildings, that on the right with its hint of architectural pretensions. The eye is cunningly led to research the rich variety of colour in the deep heart of the drawing, so spontaneous looking, so considered and composed. Mr. Finberg, in turning over these drawings with me, perceptively remarked on the Persian quality of this one. Characteristic also in its deep consideration—most carefully composed, perhaps, of all the drawings—is the "Kinloch Aline," also called

"A Castle in Morven," and there is another of the same place, a particularly handsome example.

I might enlarge upon others—the beautiful rhythm of "Gribloch," the emotional quality of "Sound of Seil," the whispering suggestion of the black-and-white "Old Ardtornish" (the opening scene, is it not, of Scott's "Lord of the Isles"?). But I would pass from the consideration of particular examples (which inevitably leads to verbiage) to some aspects of the collection as a whole. It is the contribution of an artist at the full maturity of his powers applied to a landscape capable of giving—which has given, indeed, to a race—a rare and ennobling pleasure. Looking round we see susceptibility to the play of movement and light, and to the indications of weather, and a romantic temperament apprehensive of poetic and even patriotic associations. These find expression in elegant design and a subtle atmosphere, yet in neither are you aware of an excess of manner. It seems as if Sir David in these Highland drawings has gathered up the elements of his craft in a happy balance. With their intimacy of sentiment is a proper touch of the panoramic at times, and with their emotional quality a sufficiency of description. The decorative rhythm is not maintained at the sacrifice of significant detail; there is often a blunt acceptance of the representational elements in a scene, modified always, indeed, by a fine taste. Nowhere is there display of virtuosity, and nowhere lapse into the trivial. Would it be fantastic to discover in them the something at once scrupulous and remote in the character of the Gael?

Two qualities at least may be safely ascribed to these drawings of the Highlands: the spirit of place, and a sense of style, that blend it is which gives them their peculiar great distinction.



PAILLOL

By Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A.

STILL-LIFE
By Loutreuil
At the St. George's
Gallery



LOUTREUIL

By R. H. WILENSKI

THERE is to be an exhibition of paintings by Loutreuil at the St. George's Gallery next month. This artist is unknown in England. But in Paris he is now acclaimed a master by respected critics, and I am told that his pictures will soon be exceedingly expensive like the pictures of Modigliani. There is a popular legend that an artist must starve to death before his pictures can become expensive. It is sometimes true.

I never met Loutreuil. He was born in La Sarthe. He died in Broussais hospital in 1925 at the age of thirty-nine. His last illness is said to have become fatal because he had been almost starving for some time. In 1916 the question of his sanity was raised by the military authorities and the alienist, Abel Blanchard, described him as a victim of obsessions. In the year after his death there was a retrospective exhibition of his works in Paris. That is all I know about his life.

I have seen some twenty or thirty of his paintings and drawings. The works I recall are nudes, head studies, still-life studies, and a large picture (a street scene with a half-length woman in the foreground) which is different

in handling from the others and is evidently an early work.

As a painter Loutreuil belongs to the school of Van Gogh—the school to which in a different sense Soutine, the young Russian, belongs, and to which a number of German painters of the early twentieth century also belong. For the art of this school the Germans have devised the label "Expressionismus." Loutreuil was French, but "Expressionism" is the appropriate label for his work.

Expressionism is an aspect of art that no student can ignore. Perhaps it came into being with Van Gogh. Or perhaps it goes back through Van Gogh to Rembrandt. Perhaps it is as old as the hills and older than the Pyramids. Perhaps it has been the opposite number to Cubism since some First-Men trembled at thunder while other First-Men gave shapes of their own will to stones or fallen trees.

The history of art is the history of mankind, and this conflict between Expressionism and Cubism may have raged all through it in a thousand forms. But we must study it, first of all, in the art of our own period. To comprehend history we have to work backwards. We

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PORTRAIT

By Loutreuil

At the St. George's Gallery

understand nothing if we cannot see the wood for the trees in our own environment and our own age. There have always been historians who have found the art of the past clear, reasonable, and lovely, and that of their own day chaotic, capricious, ugly, and absurd. Those are the bad historians who understand neither their own time nor the past. We cannot understand Van Dyck unless we understand Gainsborough, nor Rembrandt unless we understand Van Gogh, nor perhaps Van Gogh unless we understand Loutreuil; and it is the first step—the study of the material near at hand—which is the hard one, and the one in which we all so often lamentably fail.

We fail in this step so often, firstly, because the best artists always produce something which, in the form they give it, is new to themselves and which may also be new in that form to their contemporaries, and therefore hard for them to understand; and secondly,

because each individual spectator must inevitably approach every work of art with temperamental prejudices, and every judgment must be influenced to some extent by the accidental conditions attendant on the contact with the work. Mr. James Laver, in the preface to his new book on etching, has observed that the critic's judgment on an etching is inevitably dependent to some extent on the precise period in his life as a critic at which he becomes acquainted with the work. The observation is shrewd and justifiable. Indeed, I would go farther. Our judgments must inevitably be influenced by our *état d'âme* at the moment of contact and also by our *état d'esprit*, and they are even influenced by what we may happen to have had for lunch. But this is not to say that all artistic appreciation is a matter of the critic's passing state of mind or heart or digestion. We can admit the influence of these factors without forgetting that criticism, which is reasoned gradations of appreciation, is fundamentally made possible by knowledge. In contemplating art, as in contemplating life, *tout comprendre* would perhaps be *tout pardonner*. We have to go on trying to understand and we can only do this by adding to our knowledge. We cannot add consciously to the unconscious knowledge which we call intuition (but which is all too often nothing



LANDSCAPE

By Loutreuil

At the St. George's Gallery

Loutreuil

more than temperamental prejudice); that knowledge just happens and it just grows, though if we think it desirable we can always kill it or, at any rate, cut it back to the ground. But we can add to all the forms of knowledge that come to us from conscious experience of life and works of art; and it is on that knowledge that criticism, if it is to serve as history, must in reality be based.

Loutreuil, I am told, thought passionately about the evils of war. He was called an anarchist and a socialist. Dr. Blanchard, in the 1916 report, said: "It is clear that Loutreuil's whole field of consciousness is entirely occupied by the system of ideas which he believes in. There is no place in his thought for any conception which does not fit in with this system, from which his mind finds it impossible to escape." Blanchard wrote further that when Loutreuil in his later years devoted himself exclusively to painting he was obsessed especially by the idea "of discovering what art can convert into form" (*savoir ce que l'art peut réaliser*).

Loutreuil was thus obviously what Jung calls an "introvert"—an introvert obsessed with the notion that the inner personal life which alone mattered to him could be achieved by art. This is a piece of knowledge that helps us to understand his painting. Loutreuil's pictures in handling and spirit resemble the handling and spirit of the pictures of Van Gogh. Without Blanchard's report we might write the man down as a mere plagiarist, as nothing more interesting than the average Munich student of 1910 who had banished black from his palette and was splodging on brightly-coloured paint in the manner of Van Gogh. But when we know that Loutreuil thought passionately that peace in his life could be achieved by painting, when we know that he thought passionately that life as a whole must be changed to that inner life of



THE HAMMOCK

At the St. George's Gallery

By Loutreuil

his own that seemed to him so self-evidently necessary, then we know that in Van Gogh he found the man of his own day who understood art as he understood it, and we understand that art to him meant really the painting of Van Gogh.

That is why I find Loutreuil's paintings interesting. I do not myself like Expressionism as a form of art. I like the scales to be

weighted on the side of reason and control. But in Loutreuil we have an artist who, if understood, helps us to understand Van Gogh the evangelist, Van Gogh the artist, and Van Gogh who sent that ear to Gauguin in a cardboard box. In the same way Van Gogh, if understood, helps us to understand Rembrandt, who felt the drive to draw the ugliest and most humble figures and to draw them without satirical or sentimental comment in his mind.

There are those who will say that Loutreuil was a powerful painter, and those who will say that he could neither paint nor draw. Both types of comment on an artist of this calibre seem to me quite trivial and beside the point. These pictures are not works of art in the sense that the Parthenon or a Claude or a Picasso are works of art. Neither are they works of art in the sense that a Giorgione or a Titian, a Rubens or a Matthew Smith is art. They spring not from a constructive mind or a mind at peace with itself and the visible world. They spring from a mind that is troubled and turned inwards and has found a way of escape from an *impasse* in recognizing the same conflict in another mind of the same age.

How would Loutreuil have painted if he had never seen or heard of the pictures of Van Gogh? Perhaps, living at just that moment, he would have painted just the same. But perhaps he would have added to art, as we know it, a new form.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

IN this season all the galleries are closed, the studios let for the time being to foreigners—mostly amateurs rather than professionals—who, while enjoying the use of the premises and the furniture, have not always been given the greater joy of knowing the history of these places, which might arouse such keen delight in sensitive souls.

It was thus that Bouguereau and Whistler painted by turn in a studio in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs.

The great Anglo-American artist had a very personal taste in furniture and decoration; the principal ornament of his studio was an old siege cannon, such as may be seen along the fosse at the Hôtel des Invalides! Père Bouguereau worked with all the paraphernalia of an old-time academic painter. Perched on a stool to paint his great religious or secular pictures, he leant on one of those tall staves which terminate with a ball surmounted by a *poupée* of rags. A Parisian publisher, who had a modest debut, remembers that, when at the age of five he posed for Bouguereau as a Cupid, this decadent Ingres of the Third Republic administered fairly hard blows on his head with this enormous stick whenever he dared to change his pose. After forty years Cupid, having become a librarian and a dignitary of the Légion d'Honneur, has not forgiven the old petty tyrant of the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

How much history might have been told to the summer tenants of the wooden house on the Place Emile-Goudeau on the Butte Montmartre! It was there that Picasso and Van Dongen made their debut side by side; Vlaminck used to come and visit them at the time when he was still a musician in an orchestra, and never thought that painting would bring him in a penny. Derain, living in the neighbourhood, often came to discuss the nascent Cubism with Picasso.

The tourist who is interested in the artistic history of our own day should also see the studios situated at 9 rue Campagne Première, at Montparnasse; 6 rue Vercingétorix, at Plaisance; or he might make a pilgrimage to the humble studio of the *douanier* Rousseau in rue Perelle; 15 rue Aumont-Thiéville, on the Ternes. Memories abound everywhere.

Indeed, when summer comes the signs of the past alone tell us of grandeur; when the masters of French art, followed by all their pupils, disciples, and rivals, plant their easels on the sunniest soil, even if they are not landscape painters. Nor is that all. The models have followed in the same direction. Some of these beautiful and valiant girls have been engaged by good contracts to be at the exclusive disposal of this or that painter; others take their chance and do not generally have cause for regret.

So it is from Marseille to Nice; and since the art critics are obliged to run after their painters in order to have something to say, the Côte d'Azur has become the vastest and most brilliant academy in the world.

At Saint Cyr-sur-Mer, or more precisely in the stony wilderness of La Cadière, which is like a Moroccan suburb burnt by the sun, André Favory has already been living for some months; a good, voluptuous painter, he is certainly an artist of great expressive talent, though he laughs secretly when his Belgian friends venture to praise him for his *Expressionism*.

Favory has many Belgian friends, and they are profoundly grateful to the Parisian for having proclaimed the great Rubens as his master, and precisely the Rubens of the "Portrait of Hélène Fourment." André Favory is neither the first nor the last of the militant moderns to claim his descent from a

classical sponsor. I can never repeat sufficiently often that the anti-academic revolution which began in 1905 has never sought anything but the recovery of the classic paths smitten by this Rubens, so well adapted to control his robust temperament, which is not lacking in *finesse*, but is not too encumbered by delicacies so excessive that they become sterilizing. André Favory has often resided for long periods in Antwerp, in the vicinity of the port where all the sailors of the world share the rich pleasures of a

Nord barbouillé de Chine et de Pérou, as I wrote at the time when an easy life left me leisure for poetry.

It is unfortunately difficult to reproduce any of the most sincere works that Favory painted at that time in Belgium. Since then he has tempered his style without abandoning any of his fundamental gifts. Since the day



PORTRAIT OF KISLING AT WORK

Letter from Paris

when he moderated his subjects his line and his colour appear, on the contrary, to have gained in strength and purity. It was then that he painted beautiful nudes in lightly defined landscapes, with quivering architecture, which certainly prevails over the forcibly baroque decorations of those regions where—how shall we say?—a populous and cosmopolitan orgy is alone able to furnish a twentieth-century artist with the elements of Ingres' "Bain Turc," that good old M. Ingres who has been so curiously charged (owing probably to his devotion to Raphael) with an excessive legend of angelic qualities, of miraculous purity; whereas I, a writer of the twentieth century, have been able to denounce his kinship with the old erotic painters of China. It should be noted in this connection that those who are moved in a certain manner by the genius of Raphael are apt to forget that the Fornarina was something more to him than a studio keeper, careful of bourgeois propriety.

Two years ago André Favory suffered a terrible attack of a dangerous disorder. It must be mentioned in order to pay a tribute to the energy of this artist, who, while still young, was threatened with such gloom. Though not recovering as rapidly as his admirers and his friends might have wished, he has triumphed over all the snares of the illness. He has even overcome that painful trembling of the hands which troubled him whenever he was not painting. No collector seeing Favory's latest canvases, and knowing nothing of the man, would suspect anything of the truly dramatic circumstances of their execution.

In the desert of La Cadière, in the hot scent of the vineyards and amid the chirping of the grasshoppers, André Favory works for long hours every day in the woods or in the synthetic studio that he has constructed with his own hands. The day will come when this martyr and his superhuman will-power will be written about at great length. The essayist will find here a richer material than is offered him by Van Gogh's insanity or Gauguin's alcoholic delirium, when a prisoner in the Polynesian island that he had ceased to love. In anticipation of these final works I want at least to present the subject to those who love the fine arts sufficiently to be interested in the lives of painters, without a knowledge of which something of the works may escape them. Therein lies the justification of the immense enterprise of a Vasari, a new edition of whose lives has fortunately been undertaken here.

I will even go so far as to associate with Favory his little Polish model Tosca, who has gone into voluntary exile in order to be with him. The commentators of the future will thank me for recording the name and the silhouette of this valiant little woman who is sufficiently well developed to suit Favory's talent and who, besides being the most docile of models, is also as exemplary a sick nurse as the most perfect Sister of Charity.

André Favory is not altogether alone. The sick man has only to take a few steps to have a chat with the landscape painter Lemerrier, a sober and loyal interpreter of the most arid and least floral part of Provence and to whom Favory owes the discovery of this retreat. The Slav painter Michkine, whose first exhibition at Zborowsky's last winter attracted the attention of collectors and critics, has also recently taken up his abode not far off. A painter of landscapes and of figures animating these landscapes, which are sometimes too panoramic, Michkine is remarkable for the warmth of his tones; for that encaustic brilliance, so dangerous when badly used, which increases the force

of his colour whenever he succeeds in harmonizing it with the burning vibrations of this incandescent country. André Favory also fairly often sees foreign students sitting down before the *motifs* that his brush has made popular.

Descending the hill we come to Lecquer, where last year the great Derain was still to be seen. He was expected again this summer; but no one knows whither the caprice of the canals or his own fantasy, which is great, have taken Derain in his boat since he left Le Havre, where he met Alain Gerbault, the solitary navigator, who has returned from his voyage round the world on his *Fire Crest*, a cutter only thirteen metres long. Finally, we reach Sanary-sur-Mer, almost at the gates of Toulon. This year Maurice Savin, highly esteemed by his elder Derain, may be seen here; Ceria, perhaps a little hasty in his realization, but whose canvases are, above all, significant of that classicism towards which the apparently most revolutionary art of today has tended from the outset; and Jean Metzinger—but no one has yet seen his holiday works, and they are quite a mystery.

What do so many painters seek in Provence, a terrestrial paradise certainly, but not by a long way the most pictorial country in the world? Rich in diverse and opposite temperaments, would they ever have come in such numbers if the chance of his birth had not destined Cézanne to paint the surroundings of Aix-en-Provence, and if the hope of appeasing his pains had not brought the old Renoir to Cagnes, between Antibes and Nice?

They come today in greater numbers than ever. The English painters are by no means the last; a German whose works have often been shown in the Parisian salons and already count, Eberl, stands at the head of the strong band of Germanic talents.

Perhaps we should simply see one of the effects of the classical renaissance in this submission to a sort of common *motif* more or less renewed in the details. A visit to the French Riviera in 1929 is to some extent what the journey to Italy was for the painters of the seventeenth century—an experience which even the Flemings could not dispense with. Today they are alone in keeping away from France.

Finally, Kisling is at Sanary. He is one whose life and work combine marvellously to form an eloquent illustration of our classical aspirations. How far away is the day when a little Polish painter fought romantically with his sabre against another Pole! How long ago is the time when Paris again saw the soldier of the Foreign Legion, wan and dragging his leg, having been wounded at the capture of Carencoy! Today, Kisling—who, by the way, is an essential figure in the most brilliant Parisian society—is a citizen of Sanary. If one day he is offered the mayor's scarf, no one will be surprised and everybody will applaud. A mind open to the most generous and most daring ideas, Kisling married—if I may say so—the whole of French life with all its strong traditions. He is the father of two sturdy boys, one of whom is a Parisian; the other, a child of the coast, will be entered into the navy and in three lustres will take his place on board one of the ironclad monsters of Toulon, the nearest large town.

It seems that all this is reflected in Kisling's painting, astonishingly rich in authentic forces which the artist brought from elsewhere (especially in the use of tones), but which he personally has some difficulty in recognizing today, being concerned only with a direct and broad art, controlled by intellectual and plastic forces, the true flowers

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of local civilization, which may be found from the French primitives to the brothers Le Nain and Philippe de Champaigne.

Kisling is, above all, a figure painter, and it is worth seeing one of his triumphant returns in his six-cylinder, bringing back with him a model that he has hunted out somewhere in Marseille or Toulon—a professional model carried off like a captive, a frightened peasant, or a little ragamuffin from the port, still scared by the adventure.

I shall have said all when I add that the dealers can no longer avoid the Côte d'Azur during their holidays. They come under the pretext of bathing in the sea, but between two dips they run quickly from one to the other, watching the evolution of this one, noting the birth of that one; and when they meet at the Café de la Marine some critic who is returning from a visit to Henri Matisse, who spends nearly the whole year in his studio in Nice, they do their best to pump him.

And now everybody is returning! Paris is settling down for the winter season, the "season of lucid art," as Stéphane Mallarmé maintained. The galleries will not open their doors for some days yet. It is impossible to interview their directors. However, without prejudicing the value of novelty, I can announce to you the revelation that is being prepared. After so many discussions on negro art, which was always "early," according to the dealers, a living negro painter is to make his appearance. He is being produced at the moment when Foujita is embarking for his native Japan, which he has not seen for seventeen years. Will the black artist occupy the envied golden place of the subtle yellow artist? It is too early to say. Let us remember only that he is a Sudanese, and nobody's pupil. A professor of history in one of the Parisian Lyceums is presenting him to the critics and collectors, and this child of Ham will make his debut in the foremost gallery in Paris, at Bernheim's.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE poster of the Berlin advertising exhibition represents a split head with an eye on the right side and an ear on the left. Now, as far as the ear is concerned, the exhibition shows, thank goodness, great moderation. Simultaneous acoustic advertisement would have been unendurable. The eye rules; but if the eye is the organ of space and the ear that of time, then the ear actually plays a far greater part at present than it did formerly. And this exhibition, which naturally enters largely into the domain of art, emphasizes the contrast of the two great conceptions of the world that govern us today; the effect of space belongs to the old view, that of time to the new. The older advertisements produced their effect by means of a façade, the new ones through movement and rhythm. The old city, a reproduction of which greets us at the entrance to the exhibition, is thought of in terms of façades; the new city, which forms the end of the exhibition, is a rhythmical swinging of lines, forms, and planes of light, quiet in themselves, but produced by an inner movement.

The opposition of the space and time principles must not be taken too sharply. The time principle expresses itself, not only in material movement, but also in the emphasis of rhythm, function, and the inward dance which plays an important part in the effect of advertisements. The historical advertisements, a selection of which has been most successfully arranged in museum fashion in the first halls of the exhibition, are one and all quiet pieces of lettering; whether they deal with a feast of riflemen, a lottery, a quack doctor, a hotel, or even, as in one instance, with the ridicule of advertisements, they are artistic model sentences in printing or engraving, and, like all old documents, well arranged in the spatial relation of the picture to the wording; no rapid effects, but designed for leisurely study and careful deciphering at one's own table. Modern advertisement, on the other hand, so far as it expresses itself graphically, has the definite basis of a rhythmic effect, setting out the essential character and

principal factor of the advertised article. Whether it is the line, or the colour, or a specially emphasized portion of the object, the essential content is torn out of the ordinary representation in this famous and highly perfected development of the larger and smaller poster, is artistically treated, sensuously exaggerated, and brought to a swinging and dancing condition. Therein lies the great difference. The old advertisements rested within their own circumference, the new ones leap out. A fiery stream of passionate movement dominates these halls. Everything is kept in motion. Instructive inscriptions throw out a more lasting animation over the other means of solicitation, which are presented here in apparent restfulness.

It is the same with the show window. In the old city shop signs hang in comfortable repose, shoes and wigs lie sleepily behind the glass plates; the new show window, represented here in absolutely brilliant examples by the Reimann school, has long ago overcome this disinterestedness of the objects, has also overcome that naturalism of apparent readiness for use which was cultivated by the window-dressers at the same time as on the stage, and has at last found, exactly like the stage, its own laws, a spatial rhythm, a form-music, an expressionistic absoluteness to which all the objects are subordinated—shoes, materials, papers, scents, even the sausages, which at one time rose to absurd pyramids in the butchers' windows.

Movement and rhythm everywhere. Advertisements are carried through the streets, appear on the little card supplements which are collected into albums, and may be followed here in little pictures on a weighing machine whose work is thus paid for by the advertising firms. We hear the noise of the machinery which presents us with a little printing press, while the press of Gutenberg's friend in the old city has remained dead. Trade as such captivated us with its goods, people serve it, girls dressed like dolls attract our eyes, within the outward repose of the exhibition the inner movement is gently carrying on. Bands of pictures roll and unroll themselves. Hands with

Letter from Berlin

advertisements turn round. Amusing films claim our attention for new inventions. Coloured surfaces on the ground and on the walls are alternately automatically illuminated. Luminous inscriptions, one of the most successful forms of moving advertisement at the present time, impress all the events and communications of the moment into our minds.

And now the figures themselves are moving. No longer rhythmic movement only, but material movement. Countless factories have already produced the animated doll, some still rather childish in design, as when a man produces the customary gestures with a Gillette razor, or dancers on a trunk or a box of toothpaste throw a chain over a pole which then rolls up and winds round them, or a fellow writes a recommendation of a refrigerator which he continuously rubs out and writes afresh—all that is for the smaller people. More attractive are the Parisian fashion models in the facial character of the new classicism, which produce the movements of dressing and undressing. The *clou* is a figure called Polyglott, which in connection with a concealed man writes down some advertisement on a white surface quite independently and in all languages, even with drawings. The element of time has prevailed over space in advertisement. Even the newspapers employ the trick of movement. While a firm of cigarette manufacturers represents the increase of its sale in an old-fashioned spatial construction of little boxes, a publishing firm shows a graphic picture of its circulation by means of changing lights, another shows the organization of its business by running picture bands, a third a moving panorama of its town, until our senses are completely dazed.

The growth of moving advertisements is obvious. It expresses the will of the age. Not only is art used to heighten the effect, but its latest tendencies are involuntarily followed. That is the actuality of the exhibition as seen by the ordinary observer. The means are often still primitive, but the way is clearly marked. Be wise, and adapt yourselves accordingly.

The exhibitions of the "Jurifreien" in the Moabiter Glaspalast always have a peculiar charm. One feels that they are not arranged because they have to be, but because the people wanted to hold them. A fresh temperament animates the rooms. On private view day there are no ceremonious proceedings, but one sees the artists with happy faces, whistling a tune, adding the last touches to their pictures, and arranging the exhibition. How well things are hung in this show! We pass from each room eager to see the next; a good general survey is obtained, things that belong together are hung together, and although there is no jury there is a good succession of quality, as the first rooms always contain the principal works, while the farther rooms clearly express a certain disparagement.

This exhibition has several sections. On the right side is the actual exhibition of the Jurifreien. On the left side the November group has been housed, and quite at the back there is an exhibition of Italian art. Besides this, special stress is laid on the exhibition of sculpture, together with the drawings of sculptors. That is very instructive. Sculptors do not draw in the same way as painters. Their line is conceived in terms of form, and the perspective of the figure is taken into consideration. Special cabinets have been reserved for this branch. Schreiner, Marcks, I. N. Wolff, Hecker, Haim-Wentscher are the sculptors who are thus presented. Monumental paintings are hung nearby, the "Morning of the Gods," a triumphant

glass-painting by Was Re, and the light chalk sketch for a students' hostel by Crodel. Besides, there is a very interesting attempt at a modern banquet in memory of the war that Bruno Paul has conceived in cubistic form and Rämisch has decorated with reliefs in a flat Byzantine style.

The exhibition of the Italian group is perhaps the weakest part of the organization, but we must be polite. It is a society of older and younger Italian artists who call themselves *novecento*, which corresponds to our twentieth century. There is no unity and no strength in it, but merely



THE 'CELLIST

By Adolf de Haer

a keeping up with the times in the whole breadth from Impressionism to the modern plastic treatment, which has found so many apostles in Italy. A man like Carra, once a great Futurist, has altered. He now paints quietly and charmingly somewhat in the manner of a Renoir. Tosi inclines towards the decorative style, Tozzi aims more at form, and in Campigli's work we perceive most clearly the influence of the model on the rendering of the figure. A mask of Mussolini forms the centre of the room—a magnificent work by Wildt, admirably executed as far as technique goes, in polished marble.

The November group is celebrating its tenth birthday. Therefore, it not only exhibits contemporary works, but has brought together a series of works from all sorts of sources, even private collections, in order to illustrate its

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activity and its significance. The collection is quite delightful. In every direction we recognize the movements of the day, once proscribed and now triumphant. One room contains sketches by those architects of the present style who came out of this group and have since become leaders of their profession, as, for example, Erich Mendelsohn. Another room contains the documents of that abstract school of pure form that is situated between architecture and painting. Here everything centres round the Dessauer Bauhaus. Kandinsky is well represented, there is a ballet-like study of fifteen models by Schlemmer, and all the friends and teachers of the Bauhaus have sent contributions ranging from purely linear fantasy to dancing rhythms. Modern sculptors follow next. There is a plastically swung form in a threefold rhythm called "Dreiklang," by Belling, and around are grouped all the sculptors of modern tendencies who are connected with the group. Seldom have such masterpieces of extreme art been seen together. Chagall with his view of Paris and fantastic figures; Segal with his tile-like rendering of the motive of "A Zeppelin over Chicago"; the visions of Max Ernst, among others a pair of lovers, who appear to be enclosed in an iron maiden, half Titian, half Rubens, translated into modern terms; Grosz with his "Aventurer," whose spirit resolves itself into variegated colour; the "Barricade" by Dix, the "Wedding Boys" by Nagel, the drill-like "Billiard" by Schmid; Cäsar Klein with his

edges of planes; Kulvjansky, a new man, with his black-and-white "Parents," pressed together; and Weithuchter, of Bremen, with his astonishingly thrown off "Westphalian Peasants." It is impossible to take everything in during a single visit.

The actual exhibition of the Jurifreien cannot be surveyed at a glance. Imagine, there are over fourteen hundred works! Here and there an unknown painting catches one's attention, but already the name is forgotten. Only when names recur year after year do they penetrate into our mental catalogue. Freytag, a real pictorial temperament, Haer of Düsseldorf with the latest verve in form and colour, the intensive Bloch, Geigenberger with his luscious perspective, the dusky Breinlinger, the large and broad proletarian picture by Frank of Drester, Hundt's delicate bathing beach, Lehman's Spanish landscapes somewhat in the style of Corot, Goller's playful rococo studies, Völlker's darkly conceived figures and still-life groups—every tendency is represented, and one can walk in all the temples of modern art; fortunately, the Jurifreien have not committed themselves to a definite method. Everyone who can and wants to do something finds a place there. That is, and will remain, the value of the institution; that keeps it fresh and alive. We do not know whither we are steering, we no longer have a jury of culture or conscience; genius and the craftsman will alone show us the way.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND

By J. A. F. ORBAAN

ON my way to the French-speaking part of Switzerland, I tried to find out some particulars about the coming musical season. However, I found the competent people either making preparations for their well-earned holiday travels, or wrapped up in mysterious silence, so that I was not able to get much information after all. One has to concede to extenuating circumstances. Orchestral conductors are fairly tired of their work by the end of the season, when the summer sets in and draws one to the mountains. Not everybody has the elemental strength of a Mengelberg, who at short notice interrupted his stay in Val Sinestra (Engadin) in order to give a concert with his famous cohort in Amsterdam. On the whole, it is the custom here to hide in some deep valley or high in the Alps and to remain in seclusion. When once the dress coat has been put aside and the baton replaced by a walking stick, it is usual to remain away a long time with the intention of breathing in fresher air than the sultry atmosphere offered by the various concert halls.

These will reopen their portals soon enough. The music-loving masses are already waiting with impatience for their favourite *maestro*: Brun in Berne, Ansermet in Geneva, and so on. It is said that in the main the programmes have already been arranged. They are only waiting to be submitted for approval to the various sub-committees which play such an important part in Swiss social life. There was no means of finding out which works by native composers had withstood the trial of the Baden

musical festival sufficiently to deserve the honour of the podium. The opera, too, has not yet aired the curtain that covers what the Italians would call the *cartellone*, in other words the winter programme.

Occasionally, some foreign singer lands in Switzerland during the course of his European tour, which usually ends with triumphs in the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, or the Opera House, Chicago. As Switzerland is not their native country these singers never think of delighting the public with free performances of their art, as for example Lazzarri was accustomed to do in his native city of Assisi. Gigli certainly had no such motive when he came to Zürich, where, however, his voice was not found to be on the level of Caruso's, as fame and skilfully conducted advertisement had led one to believe. I had been told that opera airs sung in a concert hall do not find much favour in Switzerland. Yet this was undoubtedly the case with an artist like Ada Sari, who was very highly thought of here some years before she received her musical consecration in the United States. True, that was really *bel canto*, which does not even come into consideration according to the principles of present-day snobbism, though fortunately these do not set up a standard in the world market of music, as is clearly shown by the index numbers. *Anzi*, as the Italians would say.

Zürich, for example, surrenders itself sufficiently to these high, trilling regions to make an Italian *stagione* the last act of the winter season, and there were many who enjoyed old Verdi's melodies, and those of Puccini, who may no longer be called young either.

Letter from Switzerland

Just before I started on my voyage of discovery I met Egger, the well-known Austrian art-historian, who, since the death of our dear Lanciani, is the greatest living authority on Roman topography, besides Hülsen and Ashby. Every specialist knows the wonderful edition of Heemskerck's "Drawings" by Hülsen and Egger to which Ashby added his "Dupérac." Many have found Egger's reproductions of old architectural drawings very useful, and his "Roman Vedute" ought to be better known even among the more intellectual tourists. I may add in this connection that the second volume of the "Roman Vedute" dealing with the Renaissance and later times is guaranteed—a piece of good news which I heard with one foot already in the stirrup on the banks of the Limmat! It is a sign that our profession is again taking up its old habits.

On my way, in Basel, I was able to attend a little ceremony in the artistic home of the Sarasins to which Francesco Steffanoni of Bergamo had transported no less than three frescoes by Böcklin (painted in 1868), as the hostess announced in a free and easily delivered speech, which reminded one of her schooling in New York.

Böcklin is once again coming into his own, and the beautiful selection of his works, which is the pride of Basel, is only awaiting the day when the new museum will be ready in order to contribute their note among the old masters of bygone centuries which we admire in the temporary galleries of the Kunsthalle.

A still more international man is Desiderius Erasmus, who was obliged to leave his resting place in Basel for a time. His venerable remains were taken out of his grave because some repairs had to be carried out in the church exactly at the spot where his bones lay under a marble slab, which bears a Latin inscription composed by his friend Amerbach, whom we know so well from Holbein's portrait. A cast has been



APRÈS LE BAIN

By Théophile Robert



AN ORCHESTRA DIRECTOR

By Cuno Amiet

taken of his skull, and both the tomb and the skull have been the objects of a series of studies, which will supply every detail to the conclusions at which the various scientists will arrive concerning the life and death of this man, who would certainly have been a universal journalist had he lived in our time. As an example of what we may expect from these investigations, Dr. Major, the director of the interesting Historical Museum in Basel, has already brought out a little book containing some notable supplements to the iconography of this remarkable Dutchman.

Basel, as well as Berne, might serve as an introduction to the art of the Suisse Romande. Both towns pay a heavy tribute in homage to the art of their French brothers, even though the compliment is not returned to the same extent on the other side of the Saane, which forms the linguistic frontier. That may be taken as another example of the reverence so readily paid to the *gentil sangue latino*. This is particularly the case in Berne, where the splendid old Davinet lived to a great age in full possession of his intellectual faculties and was replaced as director of the Municipal Museum of Fine Art by de Mandach.

Since then the building has become too small to show up all the collections to advantage; but it has been found possible to place in a good light a series of modern paintings which show the achievements of the contemporary school of Geneva and other parts of French Switzerland. Beside the astonishing work of a Martin Lauterburg we see the audacious portrait of an orchestral conductor in full swing by Cuno Amiet, Solothurn-Berne, which, together with a painting by Blanchet, was found worthy of a place in the next international Rockefeller Exhibition in Pittsburg. Amiet is looked upon as a follower of Hodler. Although this great and thoroughly Swiss master preferred to spend his last years in Geneva, his work is very highly valued in Berne, where he felt quite as much at home. This will be proved once again when the firm of Gutekunst and Klipstein, so well known in London, will open its new premises in the

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Theaterstrasse in Berne with an exhibition of Hodler's graphic work.

The aristocratic and highly elaborate work of Théophile Robert, the son and grandson of well-known painters, makes a very striking impression in the Berne Museum. Other remarkable "Romands" are Hans Berger, Frédéric Zbinden of La Chaux-de-Fonds, Maurice Berraud, and the bewildering Auberjonois, who, together with Blanchet, occupies the forefront of modern Swiss painting, though the landscape painting of a countryman on the other side of the linguistic frontier, Stauffer, deserves all our attention.

A visit to the Kunsthalle reveals again the elegance of Cardinaux's works, and Paul Zehnder's sketches for the interior decoration of the principal Protestant church in Winterthur produce the impression that such an art is possible even outside the Catholic Church as long as the models set up by it are departed from as little as possible and are constantly borne in mind. In this case the models were the mosaics of Sant' Apollinare in Ravenna. Otherwise, Christian art must be studied in the Rhone valley through which Christianity found its way to Helvetia, and in Freiburg, which lay this time outside my route. Lausanne can show very little in this line, as the town was obliged to give up all her art treasures to the Bernese conquerors and reformers, when the Bernese General Nägeli conquered the Canton Vaud in 1536. The only thing that could not be removed was the cathedral, which forms today the pride of the town, together with the art gallery, which, like the Neuchâtel gallery, is very strong in the early—we might say the classical—masters of Swiss landscape painting. Fine organ recitals and much admired oratorios are given in the

cathedral. The Canton Vaud has recently produced a sumptuous book on the cathedral, illustrated with beautiful photographs. The burgomaster, Monsieur Rosset, a lover of fine art and music, was surely the *spiritus rector* of this publication.

The true kernel of modern art in the Suisse Romande, which the glory of Lake Lemman must have produced, is naturally in Geneva, where those artists live who have always consistently withstood the powerful attraction of Paris, to which even the mystical Steck was subjected. In the beautiful museum at Geneva, under the guidance of our distinguished colleague M. Deonna, we may observe how Swiss were the feelings of Edouard Vallet, and discover the fact that A. Blanchet and M. Barraud form a close group with Auberjonois, whose plastic nudes produce a less uneasy effect than his daring experiments with human countenances in the special room devoted to him in the Zürich Art Gallery. Benjamin Vautier, one of the best known "Bohemians" of the new "Genava"—as the city is styled in a Roman inscription *ibidem*—is followed by René Guinaud, who paints surprisingly French-looking corners of the town, while A. Hermenjat follows Hodler as closely as Amiet. Still more syncopated landscapes are those of E. Bressler, A. Silvestre, P. Perrelet, A. Morard, and E. Martin.

We shall have occasion to return to these interesting masters and also to the restoration which I noticed on the façade of Santa Maria degli Angioli during my short visit to Lugano. That forms the third frontier with which Switzerland confronts the great surrounding countries, and here Italian influences are far more evident than any French or German tendencies in the other provinces.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS OF J. B. C. COROT IN THE ARTIST'S OWN COLLECTION, with an Introduction by VICTOR RIENAECKER, and a complete catalogue. 4to, pp. xvi + plates 72 (8 in colour) + pp. 96. Cloth gilt. (London: Halton and Truscott Smith; New York: Minton, Balch & Co.) 30s.

The singularly interesting exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery in May 1928 will be gratefully recalled by those who handle this handsome and satisfying volume. That exhibition revealed an intimate phase of the life of Corot not generally recognized; a phase of great secrecy and particularity which was maintained for some years. Then the holders of this astonishing collection died and it came to be known to the world. The collection comprised 2,414 items, and these are here catalogued and fully described. The items included paintings in oils, drawings in watercolours and other media, inclusive of 1,580 *détrempees*, or drawings in gouache in a modified form—opaque, dry, and brittle, as it is described in the introduction. Curiously enough, the master only used this medium in secret, and used it on many sorts of material including wallpaper and account-book paper. Landscape, seascape, portrait, and other figure-subjects are included, but none on a large scale. The collection is a great picture-painter's inner life; a graphic document, almost wholly personal, and to be compared with Van Gogh's letters as a revelation of the tendency towards art expression and conviction. It is not passionate as was Van Gogh's, but is a

quiet revelation of a gentle love of beauty, and its representation, which was shyly hidden away from public view, held closely to the heart with a tender passion of possession.

What is given in the volume is complete in itself and is so well done that a desire for a larger study inevitably arises. A more extended study of the Pornet collection and other matter known to exist from the same restrained pen would be very welcome. Elaborate works on Corot are in existence; they are mostly concerned with the Corot as accepted up to now by the world in general, but that is not the complete man nor the complete artist. Two phases of Corot have been recognized for years, but the Pornet collection and the further matter undoubtedly by Corot that has come to light recently project an entirely fresh phase. If the author of the present volume could have given to the world a larger portrait of one who is thought of as a dual personality producing alternately masterpieces and pot-boilers; of one who was, as we now see, an earnest experimentalist and no mere sentimentalist, we should have felt grateful indeed. The more the works of Corot are studied, especially the recently discovered efforts, the more apparent it becomes that the proportion of success to the total output lessens. This is not to be wondered at in so prolific a painter, and it by no means belittles his genius but, rather, adds greater human interest, and calls for more human sympathy with the struggles of



Book Reviews

an intensely vital nature in search of the essentials of self-expression.

Victor Rienaeker has written a very wise and restrained account of this voluminous revelation, restricting criticism and praise to the barest limits, and his restraint produces a feeling of conviction as to the value of this artistic human document. The book is admirably arranged; indeed, a very model of its kind. Moreover, it is beautifully printed; and the illustrations, so generous in number, are well produced, those in colour being delicately done as befits their subjects. The volume is, of course, indispensable to all collectors and lovers of Corot.

K. P.

OLD PEWTER: ITS MAKERS AND MARKS, by HOWARD HERSCHEL COTTERELL. Pp. xv + 432 + plates 76, 6 folding plates, and text illus. (London: Batsford.) 1929. £5 5s. net.

Domestic vessels in England have been chiefly made of five materials—earthenware, silver, pewter, glass, and porcelain. Other substances have been used, but these are the big five. They differ from one another both aesthetically and artistically; aesthetically in their visual and tactile appearance, artistically in their physical and chemical properties, in so far as these affect their aptitudes as artists' media. Each of them has its own ethos, which may be explained either physically in terms of the material or psychologically in terms of taste. Some people prefer pewter to silver, others prefer porcelain to earthenware, and these are in each case elementary preferences. Their ultimate statement is psychological, but they can only be traced through the way of life or social character in which they are nourished and declared. People like that with which they are familiar.

Pewter, like its colleagues, has a social context, determined on the consumer's side by its economic price and by its aesthetic qualities as a stuff, on the producer's side by its aptitude as a medium. Earthenware is rougher stuff than porcelain, pewter rougher than silver. If you are an artist you can do *more* with silver and porcelain than you can with earthenware and pewter; you will not necessarily do better, but your work will be capable of greater artistic content. The finer stuff is more fit for complexity, and it therefore appeals more readily to unembarrassed taste. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries taste was most embarrassed by poverty—the peasants who received wages used earthenware; their taste was frequently good, but it was always coarse. Taste was least embarrassed among the rich who paid wages and used silver; both the material and the users of it were capable of refinement. Between these extremes came those who neither paid nor received wages—in the towns the independent tradesmen, in the country the yeomen farmers. Among these the chief inhibition on taste was prudence, which in its religious aspects is called puritanism. The ware preferred of the tradesmen and farmers must not cost too much, but it must wear well and look well; it must be above all things "good." Pewter answered these conditions perfectly. It was not very expensive, it went well in the simple mundity of a Jacobean interior, and, unlike its later rival flint-glass, it would last for ever. The character of pewtering as an English art was fixed by the prudential movement of the seventeenth century; renaissance form is found, but it is neither frequent nor emphatic, and in the eighteenth century pewter is less apt than silver or porcelain for the finished abandon of rococo or the slim elegance of Adam.

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Since pewter was practically undecorated its artistic as distinct from its aesthetic value must be judged on form—not form in isolation (for form is never isolated), but form consonant with, and limited by, the aesthetics of the stuff. Pewter shapes are sometimes slight, but seldom definitely bad. They offer on the whole a good average level of vessel design, committing no solecisms, but rarely rising to genius, touched, but not saturated by the decorative modes, too clumsy for finesse but saved by that quality from the debaucheries of porcelain, always solid and sober and a little ungainly. At the present time pewter is approved mainly for its aesthetics. Dishes and flagons not exciting in themselves have a massive and gloomy gaiety when mounted on oak dressers, and Mr. Cotterell does well to emphasize their decorative qualities by a photograph which shows them in their proper setting. Pewter presented scenically looks as well as German troops at their manoeuvres or calf-bound volumes on a library wall. In this respect it is the antithesis of porcelain, which is horrible in quantities, but beautiful in isolated units. On the vexed question of to polish or not to polish Mr. Cotterell seems to take the affirmative; he is an enthusiast for cleaning, and that soon leads to scintillation. But if the setting is well conceived unpolished pewter is equally decorative. Polished, it ceases to be pewter, and becomes only a poor understudy of silver, which has different aesthetic properties and therefore requires a different "set."

Mr. Cotterell does not examine the pleasant art with which he is concerned in the four aspects which are essential to it: (1) its technique (including chemistry, process, and aesthetics); (2) its economy; (3) its style as an individual art and in relation to English decorative form in general, and finally (4) its social history. He possesses great knowledge of his subject, but he is content to limit his task to a supply of information. His book is a work of reference and a good one, but it is nothing more than that. The most valuable part of it is an alphabetical list, containing more than 6,000 names of all English, Scottish, and Irish pewterers whose names are known and a list of those who are known only by initials. The marks are given and there is a further list of marks not associated with any name or initials. These lists are the result of many years of study, they are compiled with admirable care and accuracy, and they are likely to be invaluable to collectors. Mr. Cotterell also gives a short account of touch-plate marking (with photographs of touch-plates at the end), a list of pewterers' tokens and secondary marks, trade cards from Mr. Ambrose Heal's collection, and a good photographic survey of pewter itself. The rest of the book is scrappy and ill-arranged; a string of documentary extracts is not even chronicle, let alone history, and collectors of a fabric like pewter are not better off for having a coherent history of their subject persistently denied them. It is a vain triumph to find that a recent acquisition was made by John Smith of Birmingham, of whom nothing else is known. Mr. Cotterell's lists have another value than this. Marks are the most important evidence for (a) the distribution and (b) the chronology of the pewterer's craft in England, and on these two kinds of evidence the history of the art must ultimately rest. Pewter is worth a definitive history, and in this book there is all the primary information required for writing one. As it stands the book is entirely unsynthetic. The lists might well be published separately and cheaply as a mark-book of convenient size. The rest of it consists of the footnotes and appendices to an

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unwritten history of English pewter. I hope Mr. Cotterell will write one, but when he does I hope that he will be more sparing of laudatory superlatives and italic emphasis; and that his problems will not be "shrouded in almost impenetrable mystery."

W. A. THORPE

ARCHITECTURE AS A CAREER, a Manual for Aspirants and Students of either Sex, by PHILIP A. ROBSON, F.R.I.B.A., F.M.S.A. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 5s. net.

This little guide will be found extremely useful to all those young people who have an inclination to architecture as a profession. The author, who is himself a Fellow of the R.I.B.A., knows what he is talking about, and, as the following list of some of the contents shows, his information is thoroughly practical. He discusses, amongst other things, whole-time recognized schools; ateliers and evening schools, training abroad; scholarships; open prizes for students, books recommended; official openings, England and abroad; and insurance.

By way of criticism we would only remark that his introductory chapter is somewhat debatable; it conveys the impression that he has greater faith in the "past" than in the "future" as regards the æsthetical development of architecture; that he quotes a questionable passage from Ruskin with approval, and that he looks upon architecture as a "clothing" of construction in one place, whilst mentioning with approval a "canon" which asserts that "all is design." Unlike the human structure, a building must visibly show that its "bones" can stand of their own accord, because they have no functional "clothing" like the muscles and sinews and skin of the human body. The building cannot be clothed with architecture because it is architecture; there is no difference—or there should be none between a builder and an architect. After all, however, in a practical guide such as this the ever debatable theoretical questions are of little or of any importance; for which reason the fifteen illustrations, interesting in themselves, seem here somewhat irrelevant "clothing."

WILLIAM THOMAS HORTON (1864-1919), a Selection of his Work, with a Biographical Sketch by ROGER INGPEN. (London: Ingpen & Grant.) 10s. 6d. net.

The late William Thomas Horton was one of those ill-starred souls that are overcharged with sensations but incapable of finding a suitable vent for the images these evoke. He commenced architect, but as his biographer here tells us, "he grew to detest it." Following Thomas Hardy's example he thought of taking up literature, but Hardy advised him that he should "on no account desert the architectural profession with a view of making a better income by writing." Nevertheless, Horton did write a little; he also did a little soldiering. Then, in his thirtieth year, he "first turned his attention to art" and came under the influence of Beardsley, for whose "Savoy" he furnished some drawings. He "was for many years much interested in Spiritualism," and William Blake inspired him. "His world was mainly a world of dreams or waking visions, and the greater part of his work consisted in portraying these fleeting images." His soul was ever awaiting the salvation which his mind searched for but could not discover. Like Beardsley, he died in the arms of the Roman Catholic Church.

Neither Horton's temperament nor his talents were strong enough to make an artist of him. The examples of his graphic work reproduced in this small volume bear

this out. Some of his romantic town- and landscapes done in pen-and-ink are mildly attractive, but the line drawings into which he endeavoured to put symbolical meaning are derivative, amateurish, and almost naively ineffective.

Mr. Ingpen's biographical tribute to his friend conveys the impression that there was more behind the artist's sad and unsatisfactory life than the biographer could or would disclose.

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING: No. 22, L. C. ROSENBERG, A.R.E. Introduction by MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. (London: "The Studio," Ltd.) 5s. net.

"The Studio's" twenty-second volume of their "Masters of Etching" series is devoted for the first time—if we disregard Whistler, who is essentially, if not English, at all events a European—to an American etcher, Louis C. Rosenberg to wit. Like so many of his contemporaries, he approaches his subjects with the eye trained to see architecture; or, as Mr. Malcolm Salaman truly says in his prefatory note, his architectural "records are less concerned with the elusive transient effects of atmosphere, and the transient appearances of places, than with the light that reveals buildings in their definite pictorial aspects, so that a façade would be seen with all its architectural form and detail beautifully shown, and a portico would lose none of its ornament, while the structural elements would rise firmly from their bases and the weight, volume, and texture of the material would be eloquent. With these architectural records, too, the artist has always his human note to utter. . . ." This is an excellent statement of Mr. Rosenberg's qualities as an illustrator of architectural treasures in America, Europe, and Africa. Influenced by Piranesi, Meryon, and perhaps also by modern etchers such as Bauer and Cameron, Mr. Rosenberg's technique and sense of design show, nevertheless, a personal quality, here especially evidenced in such plates as "The Great Bazaar, Constantinople," and "The Ponte Fabricio, Rome," which makes him hold his own in the ranks of the contemporary artists who have taken a similar field.

The reproductions in this volume maintain the excellent standard of the series.

H. F.

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

BY KINETON PARKES

GESCHICHTE DES KUNSTGEWERBES ALLER ZEITEN UND VÖLKER, IN VERBINDUNG MIT ZAHLREICHEN FACHGELEHRTEN, herausgegeben von DR. H. TH. BOSSERT. Band I. Pp. xi + 394 illus. + plates 28 (7 in colour). Band II. Pp. viii + 407 illus. + plates 28 (8 in colour). Large 8vo. Cloth, leather back. (Berlin: Verlag Ernst Wasmuth, A.G.) Marks 42 each.

Dr. Bossert has assembled a strong body of experts to his aid in order to provide a thoroughly trustworthy guide to the study of folk-art of all times and peoples. The work is to be completed in half a dozen volumes. The first two are admirable in every way and reflect the greatest credit on contributors, editor, and publisher. The illustrations are copious, and the plates, including those in colour, are beautifully printed. The work inevitably becomes the standard one for the general student and reader. Volume I is concerned with prehistoric work, and Herbert Kühn

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devotes seventeen pages with two plates to the Ice Age, with illustrations of carved bone-work and shaped ornaments and utensils; and the development of the latter during the Early Stone and Bronze Ages, including the invention of pottery and its decoration, is the subject of the chapter by Adama van Scheltema. Herbert Kühn then takes up the story again and describes the art-productions in metal and wood of the peoples who wandered



JAR, with Relief Figures: North Coast of Peru
From *Geschichte des Kunstgewerbes Aller Zeiten und Völker*
(Ernst Wasmuth, Berlin)

over Europe, reaching the northern limits and inventing vehicles with wheels and sledges for transport. The art of Scythia, widespread and extensive in its influence, is the subject of a chapter by Gregor Boroffka, whose book on this subject was published in London last year. A few pages are devoted to Spanish and Portuguese plastic and ceramic, a subject as yet insufficiently explored, by Pedro Bosch-Gimpera, and twelve pages are given to North Africa by Elise Baumgärtel. The section of the volume by Friedrich Matz on the art of ancient Italy is not only the longest, but the most important, seeing that it includes Etruscan; but its interest is equalled by the editor's own contribution on the arts of the Aegean, with Sardinia, Malta, Crete, and Cyprus—a fruitful field. Australia, the South Seas, and Indonesia are included in Paul Hambruch's chapter, and Malay and associated countries in that of Heinrich Meinhard. In the second volume, the primitive cultures of North, Middle, and Western Asia, Africa, Canary Islands, Iceland and North America,

South America, Peru, Argentina, Ecuador and Columbia, and Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies are the subjects of chapters respectively by the specialists Arthur Byhan and Elise Krohn, Hermann Baumann, Elise Baumgärtel, Walter Krickeberg, Fritz Krause, Heinrich Doering, and Friedrich Röck.

The bringing together of this display of the instinctive love of beauty possessed by primitive man, and the developed ingenuity of his hands, is astonishing. Day by day and year after year, side by side with savage instincts, man has always been reaching up to the higher things. No matter what he cooked in his pots and braziers, he liked to have the utensils, as is said nowadays, artistic. No matter how ugly his features, they were always fitted for adornment. It did not matter if the roads were rough, he wanted his conveyances decorated; how inclement the weather, his clothes had to be gorgeous. Even where clothes were not required, he wore them; he and his wives and daughters, for the sake of adorning their persons. In a bloody combat his weapons had to be beautiful; in his sacrifices to his gods he favoured art, as the highly civilized did after him; in the graves into which his dead descended he placed decorative vessels. And this great work, when complete, will be a fine, but not final, record of this divine gift which man possesses. It is well to have this splendid record, and to realize how much we are losing in giving our souls to science when our early ancestors gave theirs to art. This work is particularly valuable in that its aim is to keep a clear view of art in its relation to ethnography. From it the emphasis is that whatever art may be now, it was in its beginnings imitative: Fancy came by way of suggestion of natural forms and led at length to invention, but the impulse in primitive art was in the direction of use; there was no art for art's sake, but always art for use or for vanity's sake. It should be said that this work is published in a handsome format, with a morocco-gilt back suitable for every good library.

HANDBUCH DER KUNSTGESCHICHTE, von ANTON SPRINGER. Band I. Das Altertum nach Adolf Michaelis, bearbeitet von PAUL WOLTERS; pp. xii + 608 (illus. 1,078) + plates xvi. Band II. Frühchristliche Kunst und Mittelalter, bearbeitet von JOSEPH NEUWIRTH; pp. xii + 547 (illus. 719) + plates xvi. Band III. Die Renaissance in Italien, bearbeitet von GEORG GRONAU; pp. xvi + 394 (illus. 362) + plates xxiv. Band IV. Die Renaissance im Norden Barock und Rokoko, bearbeitet von PAUL SCHUBRING; pp. x + 405 (illus. 597) + plates xxvii. Band V. Von 1800 bis zur Gegenwart, bearbeitet von MAX OSBORN; pp. xiv + 559 (illus. 653) + plates xxxvi. Band VI. Die Ausser-europäische Kunst, von CURT GLASER, STELLA KRAMRISCH, ERNST KÜHNEL, PAUL GERMANN, HEINRICH UBBELOHDE-DOERING, and AUGUSTIN KRÄMER; pp. xii + 731 (illus. 12, and maps) + colour plates xvi. Large 8vo. Cloth. (Leipzig: Alfred Kroner.) Marks 140 the set.

Histories of art have a way of perpetuating themselves; that of Crowe and Cavalcaselle is a case in point. In German it was published at Leipzig in 1875 by Anton Heinrich Springer. Springer's own general art history is sharing the same happy fate. The first volume corrected and extended is now in a twelfth edition, as are also the second and third; the fourth in an eleventh, the fifth in a ninth, and the sixth in its first. These facts alone testify to the value of the work, but each volume has been added to and edited by a specialist, so that its contents have been constantly brought up to date. Springer, however, laid a solid and satisfactory foundation, which was rendered the more secure by the esteem with which his other works

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on art were held during his life. Born in Prague in 1825 and educated at the University there, he later disagreed with the ruling powers and was lost to Bohemia, but is claimed now by the new Republic of Czechoslovakia as one of their distinguished critical writers. He studied art in Germany, Italy, England, France, and Holland, and became professor in turns at Bonn, Strassburg, and Leipzig. His outlook on art was universal, based more largely on printed matter than on original research, but with an excellent first-hand knowledge of the more accessible aspects of his subject. His subsequent editors have added very valuable matter in order to keep so considerable a work *au courant*. It is modestly termed a "Handbook to Art History," and in this respect the lists of works on the various phases of the subject are of great value, including the older standard works, and in many cases special contributions in less accessible forms. Seeing that such a work has to be printed in large editions, it is satisfactory to find that these bibliographies are brought to a date as near as possible to the date of the title page. So vast is the subject dealt with, so numerous the artists treated, it is not surprising that, large as is the number of pages and plentiful the illustrations, individual painters and sculptors, except in the cases of the greatest, receive but small space; but so far as the middle period is concerned Springer was generous. Coming to the later times, the number of artists dealt with increases, while the space allotted to them grows less. In the fifth volume, the treatment becomes somewhat cursory, but from 1800 to 1920 demands a history in itself, even of the length of this eventful one. While Herkomer and Brangwyn get two illustrations each, Wilson Steer and Augustus John get a line of text between them. England and America, Canada and Australia, as is the case in most Continental art histories, are not generously or even adequately dealt with, and, as is almost always the case too, sculpture comes off badly. Mestrovic gets a line, Vigeland a mention, but not Carl Milles; Maillol a picture, but not Bourdelle. One good feature is that an index is supplied to each volume, and as the periods are well defined, this is the more convenient arrangement for quick reference. The sixth volume on art outside Europe gives useful accounts of the architecture, sculpture, painting, and crafts, each written by authorities on their separate subjects. The sixteen coloured plates in this volume are admirably reproduced. Seeing that this concluding volume embraces chapters on China and Japan; India, Ceylon, Nepal, Thibet, and Turkestan; on Islamic art; African; American, including the recent researches in Maya and Malay and the Pacific, the whole six volumes of Springer may be regarded as a comprehensive, if not exhaustive history of the arts. The 4,350 illustrations constitute it a pictorial and plastic encyclopædia.

KUNST UND KULTUR DER VORZEIT EUROPAS: DAS PALÄOLITHIKUM, von HERBERT KÜHN. 8vo, pp. 530, illus. + plates 120 + colour plates vi + maps 8. Sewn. (Berlin and Leipzig: Walter de Gruyter & Co.)

The first of the useful maps at the end of this bulky volume indicates clearly the continent inhabited by the cave men. It extended from the north of England to the north of Africa; from the north of Spain through France, Belgium, Middle Europe to Poland and Russia; from North Africa to the Red Sea. It was a great continent, the climatic conditions of which were probably the same as those under which the Eskimos live today. But palæolithic man had no

domestic animals; he was a hunter of the great beasts—the mammoth, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the bear, the reindeer, and the moose. The flesh of these he cooked on fires, and on the bones and tusks of them he imitated their forms in scratched drawings, and with even more realism used the forms of the bones plastically. Thus was art born into the world; a cold world, the inhabitants of which lived a hard life in caves or huts, accumulating vast masses of bony material, animal and human, by which today the manner of life and the stirrings of art are simultaneously revealed. Of this continent the ethnologists have now made a partial survey. From 100 to 200 centres of this early human activity have been explored, by far the greater number being in France, with Spain running close, and North Africa a good third. It is with this continent and its sparse inhabitants that Herbert Kühn deals. He has gathered into his pages practically everything that relates to the art side of this ethnography and illustrated by his thesis on the birth of art with hundreds of illuminating illustrations. Some of them—those in the text—are from drawings in line and silhouette, and they suffer in the loss of the *naïveté* which is so pronounced a feature of the original drawings on bone, ivory, and stone. There is the unfortunate sophistication of the modern draughtsman to counteract the free primitive expression. The superiority of photographic reproduction is proved in the plates, which are admirable, and the colour plates are very good indeed. Now well known, these cave-wall drawings are a revelation of the astonishing precocity of early man. They exhibit not only a sense of form and the faculty of expressing it, but also a power of observation which is almost uncanny. The North African specimens are realistic pictures, with a dawning sense of composition; the Spanish human silhouettes exhibit a sense of action, if not of form, which is highly meritorious. The most wonderful thing about these drawings and sculptures, however, is that they do not resemble the scrawls which children make today; they are of a higher order; they are in point of fact the work of artists. Alfred Kühn, well known for his work in this direction, has done a great service in gathering into one volume the results of the research which has now assumed so extensive a character; all that is to be known of palæolithic art is to be found recorded here.

ENGLISCHE MALEREI, von EMIL WALDMANN. Crown 8vo, pp. 116 + plates 32. Boards. (Breslau: Ferdinand Hirt.) Marks 3.50.

This is a curious little book and interesting, inasmuch as it affords a view of how British art is regarded in the east of Germany. Its short chapters, its little bibliography and its scope are all limited; its outlook is narrow, and yet it has its appeal. It deals only with the best, and some of the least of it is but little known or acknowledged in England. A reminder is afforded of Gilbert Stuart, Robert Smirke, and Allan Ramsay among others, while the great men of the eighteenth century are well represented. It is good to find that Hogarth commands the greatest individual attention and is represented by a larger number of illustrations than any other, and that Richard Wilson is held in great esteem. In the opinion of the author British nineteenth-century art was of great account; and this is refreshing where so much is talked of its poverty here, and so little of it at all is talked of abroad. Future Continental art historians will do well if they follow the lead in this direction given by Emil Waldmann.



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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING, by RAIMOND VAN MARLE. Vol X, 8vo, pp. 605 (illus. 344) + plates xi. Buckram. (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.) Guilders 25.

The appearance of this scholarly volume marks the continuation of one of the greatest tasks undertaken of late years by the art historian. Raimond van Marle has, with excessive labour and continuing enthusiasm, devoted his years, his erudition, and his powers of research to what is a very large subject, but, after all, a restricted one—Italian painting. His first volume dealt with the work of the sixth to the thirteenth century; to the next period, that of the fourteenth century, he devoted no less than four volumes, followed by an iconographical index which in itself occupies the sixth. The next three are concerned with the transitional Gothic, and the present, completing about the first half of the great work, is concerned with the Renaissance painters of Florence in the fifteenth century: the first generation—Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Fra Lippo Lippi, and others, including the cassone painters. Up to this date no work is wider in scope, abler in criticism, or more enlightened, and it is one of its greatest advantages that the exegesis is informed by the spirit which modern art has engendered. It is not dryasdust criticism, but criticism informed by common sense and humanity. Raimond van Marle has brought the humanism of the Renaissance—with which he will also be concerned in at least seven further volumes, stimulated by the humanism of today—within the mentality of the living art-lover and student. His valuable work is widely recognized by all the experts and *cognoscenti*.

COURBET, par CHARLES LÉGER. 4to, pp. 234, illus. + plates 65. Boards. (Paris: Les Editions G. Crès.) Francs 200.

Courbet, who died in 1877, has had half a dozen volumes published on his work during the present century, but none more attractive than this latest by Charles Léger. Léger published a smaller book on Courbet four years ago, but the present handsome volume represents the result of continued years of study of the master and is included in the publisher's well-known series of "Maîtres d'Autrefois," under the direction of George Besson and Jean Alazard.

Gustave Courbet was a frank and pleasing realist; he was a realist among the romantics; and when he painted portraits and other figure-subjects he made them romantic, as he did with his animal and landscape works. He did not disdain to tell a story nor to give sometimes a poetic turn to his landscapes. Where, however, he was most truly himself he was a realist, strong and pure. His realism was true life informed by his imagination. He loved the warmth of life, and his nudes are generous as are his landscapes—generous in form, pulsing with animated rhythm, satisfying, consoling. Courbet was not a delicate painter; his mind was robust, and so were his brushes and his palette. Only when he modelled in clay did he become refined. There is something dangerous in the handling of clay and marble; they induce a niceness that is the enemy of real art. There is no niceness in Courbet's flower-pieces, in his vigorous nudes, or his noble, monumental scenes. There is strength, compositional and physical form, splendid colour, reality. Courbet in check trousers and shirt-sleeves, bearded, calm, with intimations of storm, is more than a romantic of his time; he was a reformer and a leader in art; as a reformer and leader in politics he failed;

and unfortunately this failure reacted on his otherwise powerful mind, and his genius was clouded further by alcoholic indulgence too constant to be good for him. He died too young, but he left a magnificent heritage of virile and vital work which had had its effect on the painting of his century and has had its effect on the painting of ours. Charles Léger has done justice to a very stimulating theme; for no one could study Courbet without being stimulated by his strength and sense of beauty.



FEMME ENDORMIE

By Courbet

From Courbet (Les Editions G. Crès, Paris)

ARTISTES ET MONUMENTS DE LA RENAISSANCE EN FRANCE, par MAURICE ROY. 4to, pp. ix + 432 (illus. 52) + plates 12. Sewn. (Paris: Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion.) Francs 160.

Published under the auspices of La Société de l'Histoire de l'Art Français, this work has a preface by the president of that society, M. Paul Vitry, who is the conservator of the Louvre. It is based on new researches by the author, Maurice Roy, who incorporates in his text a large number of inedited documents of the greatest value, historically and artistically. A hundred pages are devoted to Jehan Cousin, who lived out ninety years of the sixteenth century and founded the French school of painting, and to his son of the same name who carried on an atelier in Paris until 1580. To the Cousins the early work of the French school in painting, engraving, sculpture, glass-painting and tapestry owes a great deal, for these founders were men of the best power and taste who set a standard. Equal in importance to this piece of research work is the longer study devoted to Philibert de Lorme, the great architect (son also of an architect) who was contemporary with the Cousins. Going to Italy early in life, he became the great master of renaissance in France, giving to French renaissance its particular character. Saint Denis, Fontainebleau, La Sainte Chapelle, Arret, Saint-Germain-en-Laye,

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and much other work in Paris is dealt with as to origin and progress, illustrated by drawings and several fine plates. Shorter notices are concerned with Le Rosso and his Leda, with a discussion on Michelangelo, with the sculptor Pierre Bontemps, and the architect Pierre Lescot—all men of the sixteenth century, and men of importance well worth the care and attention given to them in this careful and painstaking volume, a volume which throws much new light as well as knowledge on a most important and enthralling period of French art history.

J. F. WILLUMSEN: PICTURES, SCULPTURES, CERAMICS, by V. JASTRAU. 8vo, pp. 7 + plates 68. Sewn. (Copenhagen: G. E. C. Gadd.) 5s.

Architect, sculptor, craftsman and painter, Willumsen, who was born in 1863, has secured the admiration of the Danish nation. This popular appreciation calls for a small book of this kind, which succeeds much more ambitious previous publications. But the sixty-eight illustrations here given provide an adequate account of the better-known work of the artist, including the immense Relief placed in the State Museum at Copenhagen last year. It is an imaginative work including a great number of figures symbolizing human life, and is carried out in marbles of several kinds and colours, bronze and gold. Willumsen is a thoughtful artist, and he fits his style and his medium to his thoughts. He is an exuberant artist, and his pictures and sculpture overflow with expression. In his painting he sometimes resembles Augustus John, but his genius is of a more riotous description. In his sculpture he is a true Scandinavian, ranging with the Icelander, the Norwegian Vigeland, and the Swede Carl Milles. In all phases his work is pictorial, and in most it is decorative, for he is a craftsman in essentials and delights in methods and materials; he is a craftsman with genius.

LES ARTISTES NOUVEAUX—(1) SUZANNE VALADON, par ADOLPHE BASLER. (2) COUBINE, par CHARLES KUNSTLER. Small 8vo, each pp. 12 + plates 32. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions G. Crès.) Each, francs 10.

Here are two realists: the elder, Suzanne Valadon, a native of Limoges, where she was born in 1867, of the school of Courbet; and Coubine, a Moravian, born in 1883—Otakar Kubín—of the modern school, both admirable artists, devoid of eccentricities, as befits the exponent of realism. The two resemble each other in that they both practise the figure, figure-subject, landscape, and flower work; they differ in point of time, and to some extent in point of nationality, although Coubine is more French than Czech. Suzanne Valadon has a domestic outlook; her figure pictures and her nudes are domestic and homely—intimacies of the chamber; Coubine's figure-pictures are interiors too, but less intimate, less natural, and more inclined to subjectivity and poetry. Coubine is a realist with a difference; his portraits are transcripts; his nudes are idealisms. His sense of form is modified by a literary orientation, and is expressed in a more or less loose manner which denotes him a post-impressionist. Suzanne Valadon's sense of form is by no means dependent upon light; it is bound by tight lines of great surety and considerable charm. While her character studies are remarkable for their naturalness, Coubine's are posed, particularly in his "Breton Lace-makers" picture and his "Shepherd" in the Prague Gallery of Modern Art. Coubine worked five years at the

Academy at Prague, and then studied in Italy and Belgium, finally settling in Paris and becoming one of the modern French school.

HUNGARIAN MASTERS OF ETCHING. 8to, pp. 8 + plates 40. Sewn. (Budapest: Charles Rozsnyai.) 2s. 6d.

The success of Julius Komyati, the young Hungarian etcher who arrived in London last year and has already made a reputation, calls attention to the Hungarian school of artists who draw with the needle. The brochure includes the names and illustrations of the works of eighteen of them, and the standard reached is a high one. Landscape, architecture, and figure are included, and the artists belong to the Etching Art Club of Hungary which usefully holds exhibitions in centres outside its own borders. Zurich, Stockholm, Cleveland, and Florence have had opportunities of seeing the prints of the club members, of which many have found purchasers.

ROMANTIK DER KLEINSTADT, EINE ENTDECKUNGSAFABRT DURCH DAS ALTE DEUTSCHLAND, von E. O. HOPPÉ. Large 8vo, pp. 12 + map + plates 176. Linen. (München: Verlag F. Bruckmann.) Marks 20.

One can but envy not only this pilgrimage through the romantic smaller towns of Germany, but the power of recording their essentials possessed by E. O. Hoppé. It is true that everywhere in Middle Europe—in Czechoslovakia, Austria, Jugo-Slavia, as well as in Germany—the most beautiful material confronts the traveller; but it remains for the photographic artist to make the selection. E. O. Hoppé has accomplished his task with an enthusiasm amounting to passion, and the result is a most important and fecund pictorial geography, in which art takes a greater share than science. No one can turn over this large assembly of plates without conceiving an ardent desire to go where they were acquired; to see the originals, and to see, moreover, what the artist had perforce to omit. Where one of these small towns can show such gems of architecture and sculpture, such views of squares and streets, to say nothing of the delightful suburban landscapes, there must be more of only a little less account worthy of study. From Brunswick to Rothenburg, two of the largest towns, north to south; from the Rhine to the Elbe, is a wide country, and no single volume could do justice to its beauties; but E. O. Hoppé has lingered in this land and brought forth a fascinating record of it which all lovers of the romantic and picturesque will find the best guide when their turn comes to follow in the author's footsteps, well advised if furnished with a camera with which to snap up the by no means inconsiderable trifles left by the pioneer, although with but little hope of even emulating his astonishing skill of selection and execution.

LE TEMPLE D'ANGKOR VAT. Première partie. L'Architecture du Monument. Two sections: I. Introduction, pp. 42, plates 1-72. II. Plates 73-150. (Mémoires Archéologiques, publiés par l'Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient, Tome II.) Large 4to. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions G. Van Oest.) Complete, francs 400.

Angkor Vat is the most impressive of the great monuments of Cambodia, for it is in the best state of preservation. We know that much of the fine art produced by the Khmer civilization has perished, but much persists. Whatever the royal palace and the temple of Bayon were in their pristine state, they could hardly have surpassed the magnificence of Angkor Vat. All monuments of the pride of sovereigns and

Book Reviews

witnesses of the power over lives, time, materials, and wealth which they possessed, they are witnesses also to the soaring imaginations which compelled these monarchs to resort to the most probable means of securing their own memories. Angkor Vat (palace-monastery), one of the most grandiose expressions of this imaginative effort, was built during the years A.D. 1112 and 1180 by Sūryavarman II, and probably by his successor, Dharanindravarman II, who was responsible possibly for the inscriptions. It is an enormous monument of history and religion, the straight paved path to which is a quarter of a mile in length. It rises in three mighty tapering stages, surmounted by a great pyramidal tower. It is a structure of exterior and interior staircases and galleries, with many columns supporting a vaulted ceiling; of thousands of rectangular windows and doorways. It forms an enclosure within a park and moat with fine wide terraces and long colonnades. Its walls of different-coloured sandstones are so well constructed without the use of mortar that they are almost as good today as they were 800 years ago. Inside and outside they are covered with sculptured history and religious symbolism, carved in the utmost profusion and with the greatest glyptic skill. Figures in the full round abound, in addition to the pictorial reliefs, and conventional decorative carving runs riot. Fitting the sumptuous character of the subject comes these two sections of plates in photogravure by the finest process, and from really splendid originals. By the aid of these 150 plates an adequate conception of the greatness of this magnificent architectural monument may be formed, and the generosity of the details is matched by the artistry of the photography. In July *APOLLO* was reviewed George Groslier's adequate account of ancient Khmer sculpture. To the possessors of this work these two large quarto volumes of plates will be of the greatest value, but in themselves they are a monument to a monument of sculpture allied to architecture such as is not excelled, from this point of view, in the world, if even equalled. What was the cause of the astonishing phenomenon that gave the world the Gothic cathedrals and the temples of Cambodia, to mention nothing else, in one and the same glorious epochal outburst of the art spirit?

LITTLE BOOKS ON ASIATIC ART, by O. C. GANGOLY.
(I.) SOUTHERN INDIAN BRONZES (first series), pp. 36 (illus. 10) + plates xxiii. 6s. 6d. (II.) THE ART OF JAVA, pp. 64 (illus. 16) + plates lxviii. 6s. (III.) INDIAN ARCHITECTURE, pp. 58 (illus. 45) + plates lxxvi. 9s. Small 8vo. Sewn. (Calcutta: "Rupam.")

Thirty years ago the publication of these three little books would have passed unnoticed, for the arts of India and those allied to it were then appreciated by a very small number of lovers of the beautiful and the curious, as it was then conceived. Now the arts of the East have come into their own and take an equal place with those of Europe. Mr. Gangoly, however, was courageous in projecting a series of thirty studies of which these three are the beginnings; but the excellence of these beginnings demands the success that they can hardly fail to secure. They are different from most—or most of them are—in the respect that they emanate from an Eastern centre, and are by an Oriental scholar with the enthusiasm of the born as well as inspired historian. The author, who is editor of that admirable Eastern journal, "*Rupam*," proposes a wide field in his special subject, for succeeding volumes are to be concerned not only with India and Java, but with Siam and Cambodia, China and Japan, and with Persian textiles,

Mogul painting, Islamic pottery, and various other aspects. There have, in the last ten years, been published sumptuous volumes on most of these subjects, mostly at a very high price; these "*Little Books on Asiatic Art*" appeal to this public in the first place, but in the second to a much wider if poorer public, no less interested; and it is to be hoped that this latter constituency will be large enough to enable Mr. Gangoly to continue his praiseworthy effort. The present volumes are written simply and well, not in a popular way, but in a reasonable way for the general reader, but yet with all the necessary knowledge and references. To many students of sculpture the bronzes of Southern India will be a revelation of form of the most significant character: the illustrations include some delightful statuettes. The art of Java furnishes some allied pieces, with a grotesque touch however, but the main interest is in the architectural and other adornments of the temples; there are 1,300 sculptured panels in one of them which, if side by side, would extend in a three miles' line. The Indian temples are no less remarkable sculpturally, while architecturally they are even more amazing in their solidity and the suggestion of permanence of the state of life and of death which is merely the continuity of life in another condition; a life begun in the coolness of the great cave structures with their ingenious contrivances regarding the secretiveness of the rites, which is but another expression for sacred. These temples provided space for the assemblages of many thousands, some of them extending along the river banks whereon the pilgrims rested from their arduous. A new world of art and thought, feeling and custom, is opened out by these interesting and satisfying little books of O. C. Gangoly.

REMBRANDT-BIBEL. Zwei Bände mit 240 Abbildungen altes und neues Testament gewählt und Eingeleitet von E. W. BRANDT. 8vo, pp. xxii + 189, and 144, illus. Cloth. (München: Hugo Schmidt Verlag.) Marks 12.

The Hugo Schmidt Verlag of Munich is celebrated for its monumental editions of great illustrated works. Its Bible is of the first importance, but its scale is less than most. It is modest in size, if of the first importance both from the fact that it is the world's greatest book with pictures by one of the world's greatest artists. It requires to be better known in England, where it is hardly customary to connect art with literature with such a connotation. The Rembrandt-Bible is not the whole text; it consists, in fact, of those parts of the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament which acted upon Rembrandt's sensitivity and caused him to illustrate them, or, rather, stimulated him to creation. The whole of the artist's known drawings, etchings, and pictures have been drawn upon, and it is surprising to one who is not a Rembrandt student to find that so large a total as 240 is reached. There are possibly others, but what are given here are amply sufficient to prove Rembrandt's prepossession with Holy Writ. And the illustrations! There is nothing in the whole realm of art to compare with the series; nothing which has the genius here displayed. This Bible is one of a series of books on the services which artists have rendered to world literature; but no expounding of poetry, drama, or history has ever reached the height of genius as here seen. The Rembrandt-Bible should inevitably take its place with the English Bible in every house where the Bible as well as great art are held in reverence; it is the world's greatest manifestation of this great human emotion.

ETCHINGS OF THE DAY



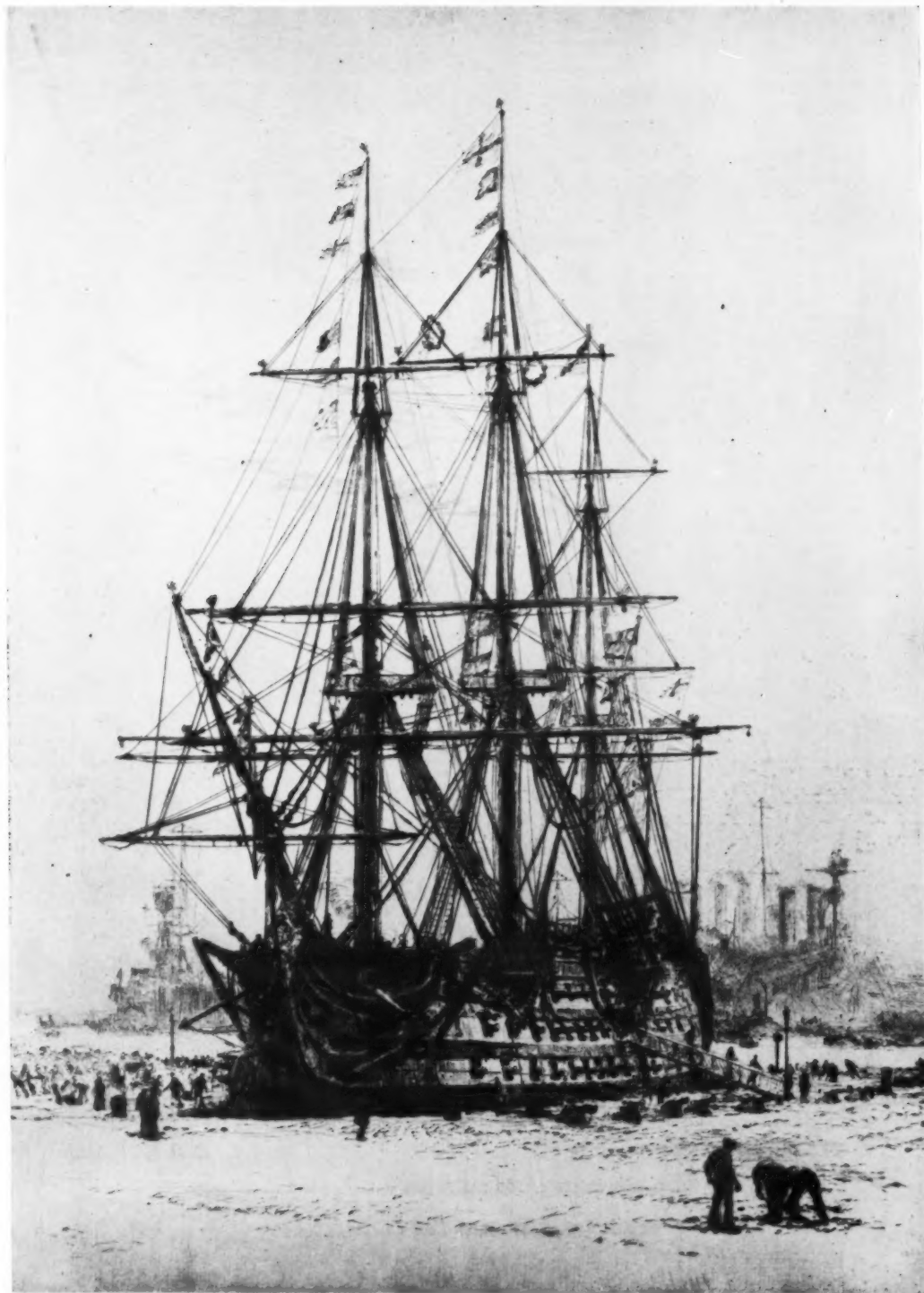
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ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

THE CATHOLIC ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION AT THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES

From the foreword to the catalogue of this exhibition written by its organizer, Dr. St. Luke, speaks the conviction of an enthusiast who envisages rather that state of things which he would like to be than that which actually is. Taking this exhibition as a whole it must be confessed that there is little, if any, evidence that "the Catholic artist has any more assurance than any other artist of the way modern art is moving." On the contrary, the Catholic artists, as here represented, are just as divided amongst themselves as all the rest. One need only compare the work of Mr. Lucien Davis with that of Dom Theodore Baily to realize this. Nevertheless, this exhibition, organized by the "Catholic Times," is of greater significance than its contents, and for that reason deserves a more extensive notice than most of the present contributions warrant.

Dr. St. Luke slides over the distinction which must be made between what we generally understand by Catholic in this connection, viz., the Roman Catholic professed, and Catholic in the broader or original sense, when he says: "That scientist and that artist alone is Catholic who has the universal vision, who comprehends the unity of all life. In that sense we insist on our Catholicity, not as some arbitrary limitation of thought and belief, but as the true freedom of the highest reason." It is quite clear, however, from the mixed quality of the contributions that denomination rather than universality has been made the qualification for the contributors. That, perhaps, is in itself no demerit. On the contrary, speaking with an entirely unbiased mind, I should say that the denominational character of the exhibition should on future occasions be rigidly enforced to the exclusion of all subject-matter that is "profane": such as ordinary portraits, landscape, and still-life. Faith in the denominational sense may or may not inspire a man's art, or a woman's for that matter, but proof of this inspiration, is more difficult to find

in secular subject-matter and perhaps less striking when found.

The challenge which the "Catholic Times" exhibition, or its organizers, has thrown down is whether there is such a thing as "art for art's sake," or whether art is not rather a means to an end. The Catholic Church has always used art as a means to an end—in *maior Dei gloriam*—and for that reason a Catholic exhibition should prove that now—as in the past—the greatest art can be produced in the service of this ideal.

Two contributors in this exhibition tower above the rest: Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Glyn Philpot, the former as a decorator, the latter as a painter. In parentheses, it should be insisted upon that the two professions are separate and not interchangeable. Mr. Philpot could not, I am convinced, *decorate* as well as Mr. Brangwyn, any more than Mr. Brangwyn could *paint* as well as Mr. Philpot. Great as these two artists may be in their separate professions, I find it hard to believe that denomination has anything more than the relation of its subject-matter to do with their art. They are "Catholic" in Dr. St. Luke's wider sense. The magnificent decorations of St. Aidan's Church—probably the finest thing ever done by Mr. Brangwyn—can, however, scarcely be judged by the two huge

working cartoons here shown; and his "Descent from the Cross" also requires, as it should do, its proper setting. In Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Sacred Heart — Altarpiece," I think I see the denominational character more emphasized. It is a striking design and full of feeling, but I doubt whether it would take its place as an altarpiece where part of its contents—the feigned bas-relief medallions—would hardly tell. His "Angel of the Annunciation" (is not the flower he holds unorthodox?) is also a striking painting—not a decoration—and, I think, not in accordance with Catholic tradition. Here, as in the case of Herr Gurschner's "Last Supper," there are deviations from tradition in the composition which the



THE ARRIVAL OF DANÆ

By John Armstrong

At the Leicester Galleries

(See page 246)

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THE RAPE OF HELEN
By John Armstrong
At the Leicester Galleries
(See next column)

Catholic Church should, in my view, no more sanction than it sanctions arbitrary deviations from the design and colours of the vestments used by its priests. The ritualistic limitations imposed upon the old artists did not prevent them from producing masterpieces. The mention of Herr Gurschner's painting suggests another danger to which "Catholic" artists, more than any others perhaps, are exposed—and that is affectation. Professor Tristram's excellent and careful copies of early English paintings in Canterbury Cathedral must convince everyone that the originals represent the best the old artists could do. The obvious distortions and deviations from Nature are not a conscious affectation, but a striving for realism *within a convention*.

We have no longer any *convention*; modern Catholic art is a descendant of Spanish realism, the last vestiges of which may here be traced in the *red* stigmata of the otherwise colourless "Pieta" by Mr. Lindsay Clarke, a good piece of naturalistic sculpture. Pure affectation, or, to give it a less offensive name, pure aestheticism is expressed in the many "ikons" produced by Dom Theodore Baily. They are a brilliantly clever exploitation of the Byzantine convention, but they are no more expressive of a living faith than the stone effigies from the Easter Islands in the British Museum. Aestheticism also characterizes Mr. Eric Gill's contributions in which no distinction is made

between "Sacred and Profane Love." Here also, surely, the Church's attitude should be defined. Affectation rather than aestheticism is displayed in many of Miss Diana Murphy's clever contributions. Her pen-and-ink drawing, a capital "Portrait of an Old Lady," shows how she "sees" things, that is to say, as realistically as the rest of us. No amount of aestheticism can justify the design of the *appliqué* "Door Curtain," no form of simplification could be based on her "natural" vision that would take the shape of her would-be naïve drawing in the curtain; at most it is a simplicity such as characterizes the "Bayeux tapestry," but the good lady who embroidered this was not an artist which Miss Murphy, A.R.C.A., professes herself to be, and which, for example, her "Flowerpiece, hand-coloured etching," undoubtedly confirms.

The point of all this is that the Catholic Church—and perhaps the rest of the world—stands in need of absolute sincerity in the treatment of the subject-matter in art. If that subject-matter cannot be so treated as to ring true, then it must be avoided; and it is far from improbable that the Church of the future, which has no longer to deal with illiterates, will have to eschew pictorial representation altogether and confine itself to pure symbols and abstract patterns.

Treating this exhibition as one would any other non-denominational show, mention must be made of some of the most successful exhibits. Apart from the artists already mentioned, probably the contributions of Mr. W. Rhodes, "Visions of St. Catherine" (30, 36, and 44) and the fourteen "Stations of the Cross" (32) are the most remarkable pictorial things here. Mr. Rhodes's temperament seems akin to Blake's, and he draws much better than his famous predecessor. Further worth special mention are Mr. Harold Harvey's "The Tomb" (191); some attractively simple tinted drawings of shipping and landscapes by Mr. P. F. Anson; some boldly simple flowerpieces by Mr. T. L. Hare; a curiously naïve, but deeply felt, landscape, "Trees in Lightning" (154) by Mr. R. L. J. Henkes; an impressive "Westminster Abbey" (176) by Mr. John Crealock; a well-done "Head of an Old Lady" (183) by Mr. Thos. Baines; and a convincingly peaceful "Cornish Corner" (185) by Mr. John A. Park. Amongst the "applied artists" the anonymous Benedictines of Stanbrook are distinguished for their carvings, embroideries, and illuminations, distinguished also are Mr. J. D. Kilbride's set of hand-woven low Mass vestments and Mr. John Trinick's stained glass designs, especially the "Blessed Julie Billiart" (314). The stitchery of Miss Teetgen's "Needlework Effigies" is most interesting, but it seems a misuse of the medium to make it copy old brass—why not invent new designs?

I wish the "Catholic Times" adventure every success for the future, but must add that it involves far more and goes far deeper than the authorities seem to realize.

MR. ARMSTRONG'S EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

The illustrations on pages 245, 246, and 247 are taken from pictures which form part of Mr. John Armstrong's exhibition which opens on October 12 at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Armstrong has adopted a medium new to him, namely oil, and there is evidence that since his last show his conception also has changed. A fuller notice of the exhibition will be given in next month's number.



Art News and Notes

THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY'S EXHIBITION

The exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Twenty-one Gallery is a kind of surprise-packet. As they wander along the walls one's eyes can never know what they will encounter next. The average is not very good, nor are the pictures at all of one type. Every now and again, however, one is arrested by a good thing. Amongst such may be mentioned: "Gypsies," a water-colour by Frank Brangwyn; "Carnations," by E. Blampied; "Hoing," by Harry Becker; several watercolours by Henry Rushbury, notably "Morning Mists, Jumièges"; oils by Henry Bishop, "The Edge of the Desert," and by the late Spencer Gore, "From a Window in Hampstead Road." Also several interesting studies for etchings by F. L. Griggs, Graham Sutherland, and W. M. Larkins; a coloured etching by Edgar Wilson, "Thawing, Wands-worth Common," and, finally, a surprisingly well-painted portrait by the late Felix Moscheles representing Josef Hoffmann as a boy.

MR. HAL WOOLF'S EXHIBITION AT THE REDFERN GALLERY

Mr. Hal Woolf's exhibition at the Redfern Gallery proclaims him an artist of ability and of a certain power, as the illustration below may also suggest. Like so many painters in this country he has sought and found his inspiration in Paris, most of his subjects being views of that city. Nevertheless, it is not quite easy to see in which direction his real love lies. Some of his work, for example, the portrait heads "Mamie" (30), or "Danish Girl" (39), like the still-life (22) and "Flowerpieces" (41), show an academic outlook in their careful and comparatively high finish. On the other hand many of the townscapes seem but a summary rendering of plain facts, not overmuch considered in the æsthetic or associative sense. It is in such paintings, the "Place St. André des Arts" (12), the "Montmartre" (2), and the "Place de Théâtre" (29) especially, that æsthetic and associative elements combine and, as it were, raise the work to a higher and more considerable level of achievement.



MARSEILLES

At the Redfern Gallery

By Hal Woolf

THE SALE OF THE DR. EDUARD SIMON COLLECTION, BERLIN

The tragic death of Dr. Eduard Simon was not perhaps entirely unconnected with the dispersal of his splendid



BEDTIME

By John Armstrong

At the Leicester Galleries

(See page 246)

collection of works of art which Messrs, Paul Cassirer and Helbing are selling by auction in Berlin on October 10 and 11.

In the introduction to the sumptuous catalogue, Dr. Friedlaender stresses the fact that this collection was housed in such a manner owing to the collaboration of the architect, Alfred Messel, and Wilhelm Bode, the collector's adviser, as to make of both the collection and the building a beautiful organic whole which will never be reconstituted. The catalogue itself, divided into two parts—of which the first deals with paintings compiled by Dr. Friedlaender, and sculpture compiled by Dr. E. F. Bange, and the second with applied marble work, furniture, and textiles compiled by Frau Professor Schottmüller, Oriental carpets compiled by Professor Ernst Kühnel, and eighteenth-century furniture and *objets d'art* compiled by Herr C. F. Foerster—gives some idea of the æsthetic value of the collection. As Dr. Friedlaender says, to mention only a few would be to depreciate the rest unfairly; nevertheless the procedure cannot here be avoided. Two of the works are illustrated in these pages, viz.: the interesting Siennese painters, Giovanni di Paolo's "Adoration of the Magi," which was acquired from the Fuller Maitland collection (p. 248), and the glazed terra-cotta relief by Luca della Robbia representing the "Madonna and Child,"

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pronounced by Dr. Bode to be an authentic piece by the master (p. 248). Amongst other exceptionally beautiful works we select the following for special mention: a "Madonna and Child" by Botticelli, another by Andrea del Sarto; a charming Bacchiacca, "Tobit and the Angel"; a magnificent portrait of a bearded man by Bronzino; a series of Tiepolo's ceiling decorations formerly in the Palazzo



ADORATION OF THE MAGI By Giovanni di Paolo
In the Dr. Eduard Simon Collection

Porto at Vicenza; a "Rest on the Flight" by Patinir; a striking man's portrait by the master of "The Legend of St. Magdalen"; a portrait of "Mrs. Long" by Romney; and an exceptionally interesting man's portrait, "George Cholmley," by Hoppner. The early Renaissance sculpture is equally attractive, the "Madonna and Child" by Ghiberti, and the same subject by Luca della Robbia, the latter in its contemporary frame, notably so. There is a delightful bust of a young girl by Tullio Lombardi which looks curiously Victorian, and a number of Italian bronzes by Giovanni di Bologna, and many anonymous but hardly less excellent masters. This section of bronze sculpture, reliefs, and plaques is, indeed, of special importance.

The second part of the catalogue embraces carefully selected examples of such things as Italian Renaissance door frames, surportes, and chimneypieces carved in marble, Italian Renaissance carved doors and panelling, also intarsia work, cassones, and a quantity of Italian furniture of the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Furthermore, there is Brussels and other tapestry, Florentine church embroideries, and Oriental carpets. The last section contains examples of furniture and the decorative arts of the eighteenth century in a quality not now frequently occurring in salerooms.

One can well understand the despondence caused to the late owner when he found himself compelled to part with his treasures.

OUR COLOUR PLATES

The reproduction of "A Suffolk Landscape" on this month's cover is from a painting by Mr. Cedric Morris, by whose kind permission it is reproduced. The picture interprets the character of the county in which the artist has now made his home, is painted almost in the manner of the Constable tradition and marks the latest development of Mr. Morris's art. In design, in colour and in tone it is of great charm and outstanding quality.

* * *

The portrait of a man from the picture in the Musée Communal at Liège which figured in the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House, and which is the subject of our colour plate facing p. 202, still constitutes somewhat of a puzzle as regards its authorship. It is traditionally ascribed to the Liège painter, Lambert Lombard (1505-66), as whose self-portrait it is regarded. "The identity of the portrayed artist," wrote M. Hulin de Loo in the official illustrated catalogue of the Flemish Exhibition, "is proved by the engravings which reproduce the portrait. But the authorship of the picture may be seriously questioned. Neither the style nor the technique has anything in common with the authentic pictures of Lambert Lombard, but they closely resemble the works of Frans Floris, Lambert Lombard's pupil." To him, therefore, that writer ascribes it. On the other hand, a replica in the Kassel Gallery is affirmed to be an undoubtedly authentic work by a German writer, who says (in the *Jahrb. der Preuss. Kunsts.*, vol. xl, 1919, p. 211): "Die Selbstautorhaft des Kasseler Bildnisses wird noch dadurch bestätigt dass ein andres Gemälde, ein Flötenspieler in der Academie in Lüttich der ganz unabhängig davon unter dem Namen Lambert Lombard bewahrt wird offenbar von derselben Hand gemalt ist. Der Fleischtön ist gelblich mit roten Flecken am Ohr und an den Fingerspitzen eine Eigentümlichkeit die auch bei dem Kasseler portrait hervorsteht."

Whoever has painted this virile piece of work it is undoubtedly a masterpiece which anticipates the style of the seventeenth century.



MADONNA AND CHILD By Luca della Robbia
In the Dr. Eduard Simon Collection

Our colour plate facing p. 212 is a reproduction of Sir William Beechey's, R.A., portrait of the Raymond-Symons Family from the collection of Major the Hon. Sir John H. Ward, K.C.V.O. Nearly forty years ago Bryan's dictionary stated: "The Portraits of Sir William Beechey, which

Art News and Notes



ARUM LILIES

By Matthew Smith

At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries

still adorn public halls and family residences of the country, are celebrated for their truth to Nature, and for the freshness of colour which they still retain." That is as true today as it was then. The charm of this delightful family group which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1803 is obvious. Beechey's art cannot rival Reynolds's, Gainsborough's, Raeburn's, or Lawrence's for that matter. Nevertheless, in respect of lifelikeness and general vigour, it can hold its own even in their distinguished company. He was a tremendous worker, and in the course of his long life—1753 to 1839—exhibited no less than 362 portraits at the Royal Academy.

MR. MATTHEW SMITH'S EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES

Our illustration above is taken from a painting by Mr. Matthew Smith, whose exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries will open on October 16 and will continue for four weeks. An important illustrated article from the pen of Mr. P. G. Konody on this artist's work will appear in the November number.

AN IMPORTANT SALE

The collection of Old Master drawings and old engravings which Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel, of Berlin, are going to sell by auction during October and November is likely to attract bidders from foreign countries as well. The *pièce de résistance* is, perhaps, the "Portrait of an Old Woman" (see illustration below) in black chalk and green wash, by Hans Baldung-Grien. Other drawings are by Dürer, Rembrandt, Titian, Veronese, Boucher. The engravings embrace collections of Dürer's (see illustrations on p. 250), Rembrandt's and Schongauer's prints in beautiful impressions and rare states, also a large number of lesser masters, such as Meckenem, Zasinger, Hirschvogel, Leyden, Ostade, Nanteuil, etc.

ERIC KENNINGTON'S "MALE CHILD" STATUE AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

Those who are acquainted with Eric Kennington's sculpture—either that of the Soissons Memorial, or the 24th East Surrey Division in Battersea Park—realize that the artist's first essential is cutting, and the second simplification. That the two are as one is not generally believed, for there is much tortuous and tortured carving which is most frequently bad sculpture. This is especially the case with work in stone which is a material not in itself malleable; a material which in point of fact has so little malleability as to resent any attempt to treat it as such. There



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

By Hans Baldung-Grien

At Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel, Berlin

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are, however, degrees in stone—there are alabaster, marble, and granite—but see how a great deal of the two former, and softer, substances is contorted, simply because they are easy to cut. Granite defies the insensitive and inert carver and refuses to be so contorted. The only way in which this unsatisfactory state of things can be set right is for the sculptor to carve direct; that is, take his carving tools in his hand and a block of stone; not his modelling tools and his moist fingers and an inert mass of clay. The sculptor has got to attack his material, not to persuade it; he has got to get over the resistance it offers him and to triumph over the natural reluctance of creative form to be created; to be liberated from its matrix.

Eric Kennington knows all this because he is an artist. He is a painter and son of a painter, but he is a designer and he is a realist. He is a realist, but not a copyist: who can say that the three figures of the splendidly compact group in Battersea Park are copied from real soldiers? But they are real with the reality which art confers on matter. So with the beautiful figure in Roman stone, "The Male Child," four feet in height, shown at the Leicester Galleries, carved this year. Whoever saw a child such as this? It is not a real child, and yet it has the supreme gift of art, the generalizing of the male child; its realizing, not its idealizing, of childhood. And with the simplest of



MADONNA ON THE CRESCENT MOON

By Albert Dürer

At Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel, Berlin
(See page 249)



ST. ANTHONY

By Albert Dürer

At Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel, Berlin

(See page 249)

means Roman stone is a nice material to work in, but from the degree of simplification of this delightful figure it might have been hewn out of harder granite. K. P.

A GERMAN ART PERIODICAL: "DEUTSCHE KUNST UND DEKORATION"

One might vary a certain well-known proverb and say: Show me the art magazines you produce and I will tell you what kind of a country yours is. If foreign readers of the APOLLO gain a good impression of our country we can also affirm that readers of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration" will gain an admirable impression of the high standard of German magazine production. In spite of its title, "Deutsche Kunst" is not strictly limited to the national arts; it considers the productions of other countries as well. Nevertheless, its interest to the foreign public is just the national bias which expresses itself in the editorial preferences. From this point of view the wealth of illustrations to be found in "Deutsche Kunst"—the October issue, commencing a new volume, contains 80 illustrations, and two colour and four monochrome plates—will attract even those who do not understand the language. Those able to read German will, however, enjoy the various articles at least as much. We like especially an article by Ernst Kuno the title of which, "Sinn und Unsinn der Neuen Sachlichkeit" is difficult to translate, but which deals with the modern tendency to "rationalize" everything, including love and art. The author points out that whilst this "Sachlichkeit," that is the "to-the-point-ness" served a useful purpose in the battle against sentimentality, romantic exaggerations, and superfluous ornamentation, it must not be allowed to overshadow the fact that art is not pure utility nor mere bareness of ideas. We can heartily recommend "Deutsche Kunst" to our readers.

OBITUARY

We have to record the loss of the well-known watercolour artist, Miss Clara Montalba, who passed away on Tuesday, August 13, in her home at Venice in the Palazzo Trevisan dell' Olivo. Miss Montalba was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and a member of the Royal Watercolour Society and other societies. We hope to refer more fully to her art achievement in a later issue. She was at the age of 90 when she died.